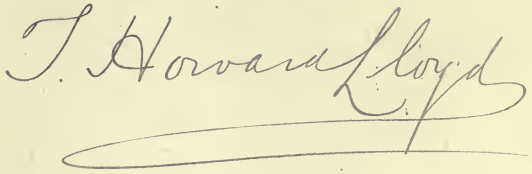
More 'Hansom' Lays

W. BEATTY-KINGSTON



MY "HANSOM" LAYS

ORIGINAL VERSES, IMITATIONS, AND PARAPHRASES.

BY

W. BEATTY-KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MANNERS," "MONARCHS I HAVE MET," "A WANDERER'S NOTES," "THE CHUMPLEBUNNYS," ETC., ETC., ETC

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1889.

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TO

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.,

etc., etc., etc.,

WHOM TO KNOW IS TO "LOVE, ESTEEM, ADMIRE,"

THESE "UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES" ARE DEDICATED

IN TOKEN OF AFFECTION BY HIS

ATTACHED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THESE verses are for the most part reprinted (by permission) from *Punch*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Illustrated English Magazine*, *The Theatre*, *The Lute*, and other London periodicals in which they originally obtained publicity. They owe their collective title to the circumstance that, with few exceptions, their composition relieved the almost intolerable monotony of many scores of cab-drives through the streets between the parishes of St. Bride, E.C., and St. John, N.W.—dull but unreposeful journeys of regular recurrence, rendered necessary by editorial duties that occupied the later hours of night and the earlier ones of morning.

Few sights are gloomier or more depressing than those contemplated by the tenant of a Hansom, while traversing the highways and by-ways of this huge metropolis between the hours of two and three a.m. To a man just arisen from work that has kept his wits on the *qui-vive* throughout its performance, the rattling and jolting of a cab render sleep, during such a traject, impossible. Neither can he, with any appreciable comfort or profit to himself, read by fitful gleams of gaslight, such as are intermittently shed upon him by the London street-lamp.

Animated by a not unnatural desire to make the best of these dismal conditions—in which, for three consecutive years, it was my lot to spend some forty

minutes of my life every morning in the week, save one —I experimentalized in the direction of opportune pastime, such as "memorizing" favourite musical works, pet poems, and even the names of subordinate characters in familiar "novels by eminent hands." Finding these recreations, strange to say, pall upon me after a time—probably through over-indulgence in their delights—I resolved to follow Mrs. Glasse's excellent advice, and "try another way." It was then that the notion occurred to me to utilize my periodical drive in darkness and unrest by stringing together rhyming and rhythmical absurdities, and committing them to memory, to be jotted down on paper after I should have enjoyed my customary allowance of "the balmy."

Whether or not this was a "happy thought" my readers must judge for themselves. In explaining the *raison-d'être* of this booklet's title, I have wished to clear myself of any suspicion of having attempted to make it a vehicle of a play upon words. My "Hansom" lays are really, as a rule, what they profess to be —verses composed in cabs of the "Patent Safety" variety, and forlorn of pretension to any other sort of "handsomeness." It would have been a pleasing illustration of "the fitness of things" had they been signed "William of the Cabstand." But respect for the law of copyright, and for the memory of that eminent and unfortunate troubadour, has induced me to forego the temptation held out to me by so appropriate a pseudonym.

WILLIAM BEATTY-KINGSTON.

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MY "HANSOM" LAYS.

A TRIPLET.

I AM, I really think, the most unlucky man on earth,
A triple sorrow haunts me, and has done so from my birth;
My lot in life's a gloomy one, I think you will agree:
'Tis bad enough to be a twin—but I am one of three!

No sooner were we born than pa' and ma' the Bounty claimed;
I scarce can bear to think they did—it makes me feel ashamed.
They got it, too, within a week, and spent it, I'll be bound,
Upon themselves—at least, I know I never had *my* pound.

Our childhood's days in ignorance were lamentably spent—
Although I think we more than paid the taxes and the rent;
For we were shown as marvels, and, unless I'm much deceived,
The smallest contributions were most thankfully received.

We grew up hale and hearty—would we never had been born!
As like to one another as three peas, or ears of corn.
Between my brothers, Ichabod, Abimelech, and me,
No difference existed which the human eye could see.

This likeness was the cause of dreadful suffering and pain
To me in early life; it nearly broke my heart in twain;
For while my conduct as a youth was fervently admired,
That of my fellow-triplets left a deal to be desired.

I was amiable, and pious too—good deeds were my delight;
I practised all the virtues—some by day and some by night;
Whilst Ichabod imbrued himself in crime, and, sad to say,
Abimelech, when quite a lad, would rather swear than pray.

Think of my horror and dismay when, in the Park at noon,
An obvious burglar greeted me with "Hullo! Ike, old coon,
Why, how did you contrive to give the bloomin' jug the slip?
I ain't a goin' to blow the gaff—come, give us the straight tip!"

One day as I was dallying with a penny lemon ice,
My wrists were seized on from behind, and pinioned in a trice,
The while a voice exclaimed—'twas that of bluff Police-man X—
"Young man, you are my pris'ner, on a charge of forgin' cheques."

He ran me in, and locked me up, to moulder in a cell;
The reason why he used me thus, alas! I knew too well—
He took me for Abimelech, my erring brother dear,
Who was "wanted" by the bank of which he'd been the chief cashier.

Next morn the Magistrate remarked, "This is a sad mistake,
Though natural enough—I much regret it for your sake!
But, if you will permit me to advise you, I should say,
Leave England for some other country—very far away.

"For if you go on living in this happy sea-girt isle,
Although your conduct (like my own) be pure and free from guile,
Your likeness to those sinful men, your brothers twain, will lead,
I fear, to very serious inconveniences indeed!"

* * * * * *

I took the hint, and sailed next day for distant Owhyhee—
As might have been expected, I was cast away at sea.
A pirate lugger picked me up, and, dreadful to relate,
Abimelech her Captain was, and Ichabod her Mate.

I loved them, and they tempted me. To join them I agreed,
Forsook the path of virtue, and did many a ghastly deed.
For seven years I wallowed in my fellow-creatures' gore,
And then gave up the business, to settle down on shore.

My brothers, on retiring from the buccaneering trade,
In which, I'm bound to say, colossal fortunes they had made,
Renounced their wicked courses, married young and lovely wives,
Went to church three times on Sundays, and led sober, decent lives.

As for me, I somehow drifted into vileness past belief,
Earned unsavoury distinction as a drunkard and a thief—
E'en in crime, ill-luck pursued me ; I became extremely poor,
And was finally compelled to beg my bread from door to door.

I'm deep down in the social scale ; no lower can I sink.
Upon the whole, experience induces me to think
That virtue is not lucrative, and honesty's all fudge—
For Ichabod's a Bishop—and Abimelech's a Judge !

THE REASON WHY.

SIR Charles de Montmorency Bones
Is one of Britain's Baronets;
A very large estate he owns,
Besides a town-house, which he lets;
His character, though bland, displays
A quite uncommon strength of will;
He's full of pretty winning ways,
But never pays his butcher's bill.

His appetite is wondrous keen,
No vegetarian is he;
He does not care for viands green,
Or scaly tenants of the sea;
I've seldom seen him eat a bun,
Hot buttered crumpets make him ill;
He spurns the genial Sally Lunn,
Yet never pays his butcher's bill.

Although a man of shining parts,
And formed to please the female eye,
Sir Charles is obdurate to tarts,
And takes a gloomy view of pie.
The very sight of jam and bread
With bitter anguish makes him thrill:—
And yet, as I've already said,
He never pays his butcher's bill.

His notion of what's good to eat
Succinctly thus may be exprest:
A pound or two of tender meat
Three times a day, and nicely drest.
Of mutton-chops, both loin and chump,
He regularly takes his fill;
He *will* have steak cut from the rump,
Yet never pays his butcher's bill.

To meet his views the brawny ox
On oil-cake battens day and night;
On breezy downs the fleecy flocks
Grow sleek and fat for his delight;
On aromatic herbs they browse
Until they get quite fit to kill;
Pigs die to feed him—so do cows!
Yet he ne'er pays his butcher's bill.

One day, while in a lightsome vein,
He said "I never pay for meat"!
And when I asked him to explain,
Replied in jest, "It were not meet"!
I loudly laughed, as plain men should
When baronets make jokes—but still
I failed to fathom why he would
Not *ever* pay his butcher's bill.

At last, the torments of suspense
I found no longer I could bear;
I sought him on a slight pretence
With streaming eyes and tangled hair.

"Do not refuse to answer ; don't!"
(My tears were flowing like a rill)
"Tell me" (I wildly sobbed) "why won't
You pay your lawful butcher's bill?"

"To no unjust conclusions leap,"
He murmured: "staunch the starting tear.
You see, I breed my cattle, sheep,
My pigs and lambs, and such small deer.
What meat I need from day to day
At my command my vassals kill;
Thus I've no butcher's bill to pay
And therefore pay no butcher's bill."

A TRANSMITTED CHARACTERISTIC.

Of the evolution process I'm a singular example,
Without exaggeration I may say, a splendid sample ;
For present to my memory are all the various stages
Through which my microcosm passed in prehistoric ages.
From monad down to monkey, all the creatures I have been
Were tormented by an appetite unusually keen :
What I liked, or what disliked, I don't remember in the least ;
But I know that I was always an extremely greedy beast !

When a shapeless blob of jelly—my digestion, though, was strong—
I persistently assimilated something all day long.
Æons later (I was then an oyster lying on my bed)
From rosy morn to dewy eve incessantly I fed.
My career as a crustacean was cut short, I grieve to state,
By a surfeit of a dear departed eel, just thrice my weight :—
And that even as a crab I could not moderately feast,
Is a proof that I was always an extremely greedy beast.

I recollect how, when a fish, I spent my time quite gaily.
In swallowing some dozens of my fellow-fishes daily.
This practice in my character may seem a cruel feature,
But don't forget that I was then a mere cold-blooded creature.
And when—now was it ten, or was it forty cycles later ?—
In course of due promotion I became an alligator,
My relatives I never fed on, even when deceased,
Although they all considered me a very greedy beast.

Through subsequent developments of zoologic station
I managed, as a glutton, to maintain my reputation.
'Twas mine through ev'ry class of ornithology to wander,
From the unobtrusive dodo to the enterprising condor.
I fear that, when a crow, I was regarded as a sinner,
For I used to steal my neighbours' eggs and eat them up for dinner ;
Each successive stage of progress my voracity increased,
And—though a bird—I still, alas ! remained a greedy beast.

As time went on, I steadily advanced towards perfection,
Obedient to the standing laws of Natural Selection.
To survive, and be the fittest, instinct taught me was my duty ;
So I did my best by feeding to keep up my strength and beauty.

As badger, rat, or tiger—as rhinoceros or sheep—
I seldom left off eating, day or night, unless to sleep.
Carnivorous or otherwise, my hunger never ceased:
I often changed my form, but still remained a greedy beast.

'Twas in a virgin-forest of the tropical Gaboon
I led a truly comfortable life as a baboon.
I dwelt among the tree-tops, where the atmosphere was pure,
And what a lot of breadfruit I devoured, to be sure!
There, there I learnt a solemn truth—deny it he who can!
'Tis this: the monkey, not the child, is father to the man.
He is, indeed, what man would be, from social bonds released,
Impulsive, vengeful, whimsical—a savage, greedy beast.

And now 'mong creatures animate, I hold the foremost station,
A biped without feathers, *alias* Lord of the Creation;
Articulate my speech is—I can logically reason—
But where's the tail I dangled with, the branches of the trees on?
My eyesight's weak, my swimming's poor; I've lost the knack of flying;
My daily life's embittered by the constant fear of dying:
My appetite alone is undiminished, nay increased,
And the Heir to all the Ages still remains—a greedy beast!

A FUNNY MAN.

My friend, M'Coloquint, of Perth,
Whose leading Christian name is Hicks,
Although the kindest soul on earth,
Is over-fond of playing tricks.
At school he frequently got licked
For filling ink-pots up with bran;
And has, since then, been sometimes kicked –
You see, he's such a Funny Man!

One day his aged Maiden Aunt
(From whom he expectations had)
He made the victim of a "plant,"
Which very nearly drove her mad.
Whilst she was in a placid doze,
Her cheeks he painted black-and-tan,
And gilt her venerable nose.
Now, is he not a Funny Man?

As he can swim like any whale,
It is his favourite diversion
To take his friends out for a sail
And treat them to a cold immersion.
To save them, as they splash around,
Is part of his facetious plan;
Of course they now and then get drowned.
What then? He's such a Funny Man!

I've sometimes found it hard to bear
And harder still to blandly grin
When—asked by him to take a chair—
I've sate down on a lengthy pin.
This jest he specially affects
And vows that no one surely can
Dispute its comical effects.—
He's such a truly Funny Man!

A Bishop wrote to him to say
He'd call on him next day at noon
About a mission, on its way
To christen blacks at the Gaboon.
Hicks hid himself behind the door
And, with a massive warming-pan,
Laid out the Bishop on the floor.—
He is, indeed, a Funny Man!

There's naught M'Coloquint enjoys
More heartily than Boxing Night;—
Its red-hot pokers, thieving boys,
And buttered slides are his delight.
You'd scarce believe how many jokes
He'll practise with a watering-can,
A squirt, or anything that soaks.—
He is a deuced Funny Man!

He's never happier than when
Inventing some astute device
To terrify his fellow-men;—
Such as explosive cards and dice,

A detonating 'bacca-box,
Or elegant electric fan,
Inflicting truly painful shocks.—
He's such a very Funny Man!

And thus with harmless, kindly jest
He brightens life for many a one,
Who, but for him, would be opprest
With care, and quite forlorn of fun.
He wrote his epitaph one day
In waggish mood; it thus began—
"*Hic jacet*—Hicks, I meant to say—
Dead, as alive, a Funny Man!"

THE GIFT OF REPARTEE.

THERE are qualities, esteemed by some, to which I lay no claim,
But look down on them with quiet scorn, as commonplace and tame,
Such as industry, sobriety, and honesty, forsooth,
Punctuality, and accurate adherence to the truth.
I've been told by captious persons that my "form" is deuced bad,
That my language is irreverent—in fact, that I'm a Cad!
But, to balance my shortcomings, e'en my enemies agree
That kind Nature has endowed me with the Gift of Repartee.

Every day—occasion serving—I contrive to make a hit
With some dazzling inspiration of my keen and ready wit.
My impromptus are as luminous as lightning, and as hot,
Sometimes playful, sometimes withering, but always on the spot.
Yet the smartest things I utter have occasionally led
To results which made me feel that they had best been left unsaid;
For society abounds in stupid Philistines, you see,
Quite incapable of relishing the charms of Repartee!

I've a muscular acquaintance who is always full of chaff,
And against me, t'other evening, he contrived to raise a laugh
With a somewhat rough and vulgar kind of joke—but let that pass !—
I rejoined, with sparkling humour, "Jones, my boy, you are an ass !"
Whereupon he struck me suddenly, and just between the eyes,
With a force that caused me no small pain, and very great surprise.
It was then, I may admit, the notion first occurred to me
That it might have been as well had I foregone that Repartee.

Once my venerable aunt to reprehend me felt inclined ;—
She's a Pædo-Anabaptist, of a gloomy turn of mind ;—
After twenty minutes' preaching, I had had about enough,
So I wittily exclaimed, "Beloved Aunty, you're a muff !"
The old woman—at her dulness you will be amazed, I trow—
Proved unable to appreciate that admirable *mot.*
She left every ounce of property she owned away from me,
And I lost a handsome fortune by that brilliant Repartee !

I was being cross-examined in a Court of Law, one day,
When the Judge exclaimed, "Speak louder, Sir! I can't hear what you say!"
I perceived my chance, and of it straight resolved to make the most,
So I shouted, "Why, old Cockywax, you're deafer than a post!"
His Lordship did not see the joke, but took me up quite short,
And, in point of fact, committed me for gross contempt of Court.
Off to gaol I went, and years elapsed before I was set free,
All because that deaf old duffer had no taste for Repartee!

I was once in love, and deeply too, with One surpassing fair,
Of romantic disposition, languid eyes, and tawny hair.
She was plump, and she was pious, this inimitable One,
And she vowed she loved me dearly—but she wasn't fond of fun!
I remember when she kissed me of her own accord one day,
I exclaimed "I'll tell your mother!" in my scintillating way.
Well, she slapped my face and sent me to the right-about, for she,
Strange to say, was quite disgusted by that graceful Repartee.

This inestimable gift of mine, I candidly confess,
If appraised by its effects, can scarcely rank as a success.
It has cost me more than competence, and liberty besides,
Not to mention countless hosts of friends and half a dozen brides.
I've been kicked with painful frequency, and punched till I was sore,
Trampled on with high-heeled boots until I wallowed in my gore.
Yet, despite the thousand sorrows *badinage* has wrought to me,
There is nothing I'm so proud of as my Gift of Repartee!

FELIS FELIX.

A SNUG, sedate, and easy life
Is that our fav'rite pussy leads,
Untouched by care, exempt from strife,
Supplied with ev'rything she needs.
Her fur is thick, her coat is black,
And sleek as any brand-new hat
Her morals, too, are rather slack—
I would I were a household cat!

My painful lot it is to toil
From early morn to even-song,
While she lies curled up in a coil,
And sleeps or eats the whole day long.
My occupations keep me thin,
Her idleness results in fat;
If I could life again begin,
I fain would be a household cat!

To rats and mice she pays no heed,
Secure of far more toothsome prog;
Whilst I can scarce my children feed,
And live on remnants, like a dog.
New milk she drinks from day to day,
My table-beer is often flat;
I have to work that she may play.
Oh! would I were a household cat!

I struggle on as best I may,
And half my life is sadly spent
In scheming how to pay my way,
And sternly wrestling with my rent.
No tradesmen's bills embarrass her ;
She does not care a single drat
For landlord or taxgatherer.—
I would I were a household cat!

At afternoon receptions she
Ne'er spends her time or wastes her smiles ;
But, when she wants her friends to see,
Awaits them calmly on the tiles.
With love-lorn screech and tender squall
They chant, in keys both sharp and flat,
While she blinks slily at them all,
A truly happy household cat.

On her, her country makes no call
To serve on juries or on boards ;
She recks not whether Consols fall,
Or ruin seize the House of Lords.
I've watched her closely from her birth,
And come to the conclusion that
Man would be happier far on earth
If he could be a household cat.

THE WIZARD'S CURSE.

In the days when I was young, and very foolish, goodness knows!
'Twas my painful lot to suffer from a pimple on the nose;
So I went to a Magician, who was noted at that day
For the skill with which he conjured such excrescences away.

He pronounced an incantation in a dismal kind of squeak,
And assured me that my pimple would be gone within a week;
Then he caught me to his bosom, brushed away a starting tear,
And demanded twenty guineas; which I thought a trifle dear.

But my pimple did not vanish; nay, I found, to my surprise,
That it grew until it reached a quite unreasonable size.
So I called again one morning at the Necromancer's house,
And informed him, with a stick, that I considered him a "chouse."

He declared he'd have the law of me, and did: but what was worse,
As I turned to quit the premises he laid on me a curse,

Shouting, "Wiggles, your brutality I'll give you cause to rue;
Your moustache shall be Magenta and your whiskers Prussian-Blue.

"You may dye them ev'ry day, and any colour that you choose,
But, whenever you most want them to retain their borrowed hues,
They shall instantly revert to the gay tints that I've decreed,
The effect of which, I may say, will be curious indeed!

"There's a glass upon the mantelpiece; go, look into it well,
Whilst I speak the dread and potent words that constitute my spell;
Jarnibleu! Abracadabra! Hokey pokey winkey wee!
Maranatha! Donnerwetter! *Ego maledico te!*"

As his wand he wildly flourished, in accordance with his rules,
I observed to my dismay that my moustache was turning gules,
Whilst my whiskers twain, which theretofore had somewhat foxy been,
Changed before my eyes to azure—that is bright ultramarine.

Panic-stricken, as I realized the horrors of my doom,
I entreated him to spare me; but he bade me leave the room.
"Take, oh, take this bitter curse away!" I sobbed. He answered, "No!
You must dree your weird as best you may. Good morning! You may go."

When I left the wicked Sorcerer, distraction tore my mind,
And I sped away to Truefitt's with the swiftness of the wind.
"Say, inimitable Artist," I exclaimed, "what must I do
To get rid of this Magenta and this awful Prussian-Blue?"

"Nothing simpler," he replied, to my extravagant delight.
"Our Kallianthesistikon will promptly set you right;
To your beard the precious liquid you must thrice a day apply.
Ten-and-six is all we charge for this inestimable dye!"

Like a shot I paid the money, seized my bottle, and was gone;
All day long I steeped my beard in Kallianthesistikon.
The Magenta changed to yellow—grassy green became the blue—
But at last moustache and whiskers re-assumed their normal hue.

* * * * * *

The relief that I experienced was thrillingly intense,
And I went on dyeing lavishly, regardless of expense;
From my memory the details of the curse kept fading fast,
And the hope that I had dodged it grew to certainty at last.

* * * * * *

Months went on, until I lost my heart to Alexandra Brown,
Who had beauty and securities, besides a house in town.
As one day she smiled upon me with a tenderness divine,
In a spasm of affection I resolved to make her mine.

I was kneeling at her feet and gazing fondly on her eyes
With a comfortable feeling that I'd gained my lovely prize,
When a look of ghastly horror on her countenance appeared,
And she screamed, "Good gracious heavens! what has happened to your beard?"

"'Tis the Wizard's Curse!" I stammered. "I am seldom taken so.
Pass it over, beauteous angel—if you love me, do not go!"
But she left me with a shudder, and I staggered to my feet,
Breathing hideous execrations which I will not here repeat.

Then I wandered down her street, and, as the corner I passed by,
On a hoarding near the public-house a picture caught my eye.
'Twas a bearded and moustachioed face, with whiskers all awave,
And a legend underneath, in ten-inch capitals, "Why Shave?"

"Why NOT shave?" Ah, happy thought! It flashed like lightning through my brain,
And I started at the double off to Truefitt's once again.
There arrived, I shouted, "Hither bring your razor, strop, and hone,
Gifted Artist, shave me closely—shave me to the very bone!

"Wicked Wizard, I defy you! Your anathema is naught!"
(Here I yelled "Hooroosh!" and capered like a Highlander distraught.)
"Let my beard and whiskers perish! You forgot to curse my *hair!*"
And I laughed as I sank back into the operating-chair.

With a face as smooth and hairless as a billiard-ball or glove,
I returned to Alexandra—to my tender, startled dove.

"They are gone!" I softly whispered. "Wilt reward my sacrifice?
Kiss my cheek; no longer hirsute, but extremely sleek and nice."

Then she tearfully embraced me, sobbing, "Thine, for ever thine!"
And I knew that I had won her—that her scrip would soon be mine.
We were wed; and, thanks to shaving and an amply furnished purse,
For the Wizard's Malediction neither of us care a curse!

A HOPEFUL LOOK-OUT.

THERE came to me tidings of grace
From a late Breach of Promise case,
And a chance of relief from an old, old grief, with my mental eye I saw,
When I read about Counsellor Winch,
Who can help a poor chap, at a pinch,
To get rid without fuss of that dread incubus, a cantankerous Mother-in-law.

I confess that I fail to see
What the subtle procedure can be
Of his occult art, to allay the smart of my chronic domestic "raw."
Oh, wise philanthropist, where
Did you 'light on that secret rare,
Which, you hinted one day, would at once do away with my noisome Mother-in-law?

She's ugly, intemperate, mean,
And inconveniently lean,
With the beard of a goat, and a wrinkled throat like an aged turkey's craw;
Her temper is awfully bad,
She looks upon me as a cad—
No tongue can tell the attributes fell of my vile old Mother-in-law!

I must hasten a bargain to clinch
With the wily, ingenious Winch.
If I ask him to dine, perhaps in the wine with which she moistens her maw
He may drop a soluble pill,
Or some delicate drug that will
In a quiet way the mischief play with my gruesome Mother-in-law.

Or possibly—who can tell ?—
He may know some potent spell
To waft her afar to a distant star, clutched fast in an Afreet's claw ;
I could see her depart with a grin,
But I should not envy the Djinn
Told off to fly for a week through the sky, in charge of my Mother-in-law !

Whate'er Mr. Winch's plan
To redress the wrongs of man,
Be it dagger or bowl, I declare on my soul, that I do not care one straw ;—
But I promise to sing his praise
In superior votive lays,
When, my sorrow to ease, he shall graciously please to "remove" my Mother-in-law.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE SANE.

I'M the Emperor of China, though, for reasons of my own,
I desire that the fact should not be generally known.
It might injure my position—for perhaps I should explain
That I keep an Institution for the Treatment of the Sane.
If my estimable patients should discover who I am
And find out that all my claims to be demented are a sham,
They might deem me an impostor, and adopt the silly fad
Of believing me incompetent to drive them raving mad.

Those who dwell at my asylum have been men of shining parts
At some former time connected with the sciences or arts,
Versed in statesmanship, diplomacy, theology, or law,
One and all possessed of intellects that once were void of flaw.
Men who managed to endure the dull constraint of social gyves
Till they found out that 'twas futile to lead reasonable lives;
That the source of human sorrow is a nicely balanced brain,
And that only those are happy who are more or less insane.

I've an aged Mathematical Professor, by the way,
Whose intelligence I'm slowly undermining, day by day;
When he came to me, in algebra he'd ceased to take delight,
And was bored to death—or nearly so—by always being right.
Not the differential calculus itself could make him smile,
Nor could fine old crusted cubic roots his saddened soul beguile.—
Now he merrily avers that he's the happiest man alive,
For he entertains no doubt at all that two and two make five.

There's a Judge among my inmates, who was famed for splitting straws
When he sat in wig and ermine to administer the laws.
His decisions from the Bench—to give the dear old boy his due—
Were immensely interesting, from a legal point of view.
I have treated him, I fancy, with remarkable success,
For his once judicial mind is quite unhinged, as you may guess,
When I tell you that he's busied with arrangements to ensure
Perfect parity of justice to the rich and to the poor!

If there's one thing I am proud of, 'tis a brilliant cure I wrought
On a Doctor who persistently against my system fought.

He agreed to undergo it, "as it certainly was new,
Just to test it from a purely scientific point of view."
I contrived to make him gibber ere a fortnight had elapsed;
In another week his memory had utterly collapsed.
Now he gaily mops and mows from rosy morn to dewy eve,
Quite the gladdest—and the maddest—of my patients, I believe.

I've a Minister who does not in the least know what he means,
A delightful maniac Bishop, and a brace of driv'lling Deans.
I've a celebrated journalist, whose brain I know is cracked,
For he *will* insist that style should be subordinate to fact.
There's my eminent Musician, too, whose sense of time and tune
I have shaken to its base, and hope to shatter very soon;
As it is, I note with rapture, that he regularly fails
To distinguish "*Tullochgorum*" from "*God Bless the Prince of Wales!*"

When I think of these successes, and of all the good I've done,
I feel certain that my mission is indeed a blessed one;

Yet I yearn in opium ecstasies my consciousness to whelm,
And to toy with Golden Lilies in my own Celestial Realm,
Where, by signing a death-warrant with my gay vermilion scrawl,
I could cure the sanest person of his troubles once for all.
But no matter! Here, in exile, I propose to end my days;
For the English climate suits me, and—my Institution pays!

AN INCURABLE COMPLAINT.

I AM prosperous in business, and healthy as can be,
My Amelia is good-looking and affectionate to boot;
Like an emu I digest—from poor relations I am free—
I've a pretty taste in *bric-à-brac*, and play upon the flute.
Thus the elements of happiness in plenty are mine own;
Yet existence has been rendered scarcely bearable to me
By a circumstance which daily I have reason to bemoan—
I resemble such a number of my fellow-men, you see!

Of Dame Nature I must be a freak, mysterious and weird,
For it matters not an atom how I dress, or what I wear,
If I shave my cheeks to blueness, wear an apostolic beard,
Wreathe my brows with locks luxuriant, or closely clip my hair.
I may change my physiognomy, again and yet again,
Till my children, when they meet me, mutter, "Who the deuce is he!"
But, do what I will, erroneous recognition is my bane,
For I'm always being taken for some other man, you see!

If I stroll into the park my tribulations know no end,
And in feeble denegation half my time is sadly spent;
Ev'ry second soul who meets me claims me loudly for his friend,
And is horrified to find that I am not the man he meant.
Thus the brims of all my hats, which should be permanently stiff,
With salutes apologetic get as limp as limp can be.
Ah! my life would be a joyous one, unstained by sorrow, if
I did not resemble such a precious lot of men, you see!

It annoys me to be taken, on the self-same afternoon,
For Lord Coleridge, Mr. Gladstone, Oscar Wilde, and Corney Grain,
Or implored as "dear Sir Arthur" for "the quite too precious boon"
Of a visit "just to play that sweet *andante* once again!"
To be greeted as John Morley and Sir William Harcourt, too,
Would be utterly impossible for any one but me;
Yet this *was* so, only yesterday—upon my word 'tis true—
I resemble such a funny-looking lot of men, you see!

When you're plunged in meditation, to receive a sounding thwack

'Twixt the shoulders from a person you have never met before,
Who exclaims "What, Randy Churchill, man; why, when did you come back?"
And then stammers "Oh! I'm sure I beg your pardon"—is a bore.
It is also somewhat irksome to be pinned against a wall
By a widow who vociferates "Och! Biggar, gramachree,
'Tis yourself that is the artfullest desaver of them all!"
She mistook me for that gallant, gay Lothario, you see!

What I've suffered on the Continent no human tongue can tell.
Through my likeness to Jules Ferry, Henri Rochefort, and the Pope.
I've been hooted at by angry crowds with objurgations fell,
Shot at, thrown into the Seine, and all but strangled with a rope.
From Berlin I was expelled by the police—'twas rather hard—
At the instance of a mighty Prince whose name begins with B.,
Just because, mistaking me for him, they *would* turn out the guard!
That was all I got by "favouring" the Chancellor, you see!

Wheresoever men's political antipathies run high,
My unhappy speciality has plunged me into woe ;
Dismal nights I've passed in dungeons that were very far from dry,
In the character of some one whom I didn't even know !
In fact, I have been worried till I wished that I was dead
In my own dear native country, and in lands beyond the sea—
Let me cloke and hide my singularly inconvenient head,
Lest it bring down still more terrible calamities on me!

NO MEMORY FOR FACES.

FOR mnemonic exercises I've an inborn predilection,
Being gifted with the faculty of vivid recollection.
I remember fervid eulogies pronounced upon my charms,
As I sweetly crowed and gurgled, lying in my nurse's arms;
I can quote the longest monologues e'er written by the Bard,
And can reel you off hexameters and sapphics by the yard;
I've the liveliest remembrance of events and names and places
And of dates, despite their dulness,—but I can't remember faces!

That I cannot keep in mind the diff'rent shades of eyes and hair,
Or distinguish grim old maids from merry school-girls, young and fair;
That I never know my father when I meet him in the street,
But mistake him for some Alderman or Chaplain to the Fleet!
That my intimate acquaintances unrecognized I pass,
And am puzzled by my *own* face when I see it in the glass,
Seems incredible, no doubt; but 'tis the gospel truth, I vow!
It has got me, you may fancy, into many a fearful row.

At a dinner-party once I had to sit, as chance befell,
'Twixt two men who shook my hand and seemed to know me very well,—
They were pleasant, chatty fellows, and I soon found out, indeed,
That on Politics, Religion, and the Drama they agreed.
But imagine my confusion when they murmured, sweet and low,
"Introduce us! That's a man I should extremely like to know."
For my answer in each case I had to blush, as it was this:—
"I should really be too happy,—but I don't know who he is!"

I was strolling down the Strand, and musing on the Missing Link,
When a rascal snatched my watch-chain, and was off, as quick as wink,
I pursued him for some minutes at considerable speed,
And had very nearly caught him; but my nose began to bleed.
When I met him next (as I believed) he looked a perfect swell,
And was lounging on the door-step of a club-house in Pall Mall.
I laid hold of him with promptitude—a course that cost me pain,
For he proved a sporting Peer, and—caused my nose to bleed again!

I'm acquainted with a worthy old Colonial Bishop, whom
I regret to say I've frequently mistaken for his groom.
As they really don't resemble one another in the least,
I feel sure that he considers me an idiotic beast.
So, I have no doubt at all, do many other friends of mine
In the legal, or the naval, or the military line,
Whom, alas! I have offended—quite unwittingly, I trow—
By addressing them as people whom they didn't even know!

I've mistaken pious Countesses for Ladies of the Ballet,
Archæologists for publicans, a Statesman for his valet;
I've upset the equanimity of once unruffled lives
By just "mixing up" my dearest friends, and, what was worse, their wives.
I went up, the other day, to an intolerable bore,
Whom I afterwards discovered I had never seen before,
And insisted upon asking him to dinner. Need I say
That he's stuck to me like putty ever since that dreadful day!

With keen agony, from week to week, I ask myself anew
To remove this disability what is it I can do?
I have studied physiognomy and every plastic art,
And I've stared at people's features till I've learnt them off by heart.

But, confound it ! my experiments have all been made
in vain,
For I ne'er can recollect to whom the faces appertain ;
Yet they haunt me, and I know them, in the visions of
the night,—
But throughout my waking hours I can never get them
right !

I am gravitating fast towards a nadir of despair,
My annoyances are greater than I possibly can bear ;—
I would try the hermit dodge, and see my fellow-men no
more,
Were it not that life-long solitude is such a horrid bore.
If I thought it wouldn't hurt, I would my own quietus
make
With a bodkin, or a bullet, or a slice of poisoned cake ;
For my cup of life is brimming full of sorrows and
disgraces,
All resulting from the fact that—I've no memory for
faces !

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

I HAD a friend in years gone by,
My class-mate and my chum at school;
He worshipped me—I know not why—
I liked him—he was such a fool!
His was a humble, paltry lot,—
When I did wrong, he always "caught it;"
Yet he got on—while I did not:
Who would have thought it?

In ev'ry pastime *I* excelled,
At fighting I was "quite the ticket,"
The foremost place I always held
In running, rowing, football, cricket.
He took no part in sports or fights,
E'en sparring—he could ne'er be taught it:
Yet now he's champion of the "Lights:"
Who would have thought it?

I grew up handsome, lithe, and tall,
A type of manly strength and grace,
Whilst he was always plain and small,
Contemptible in form and face.
And yet this awkward, ugly lout
Secured success whene'er he sought it;
With Blanche de Boots he cut me out—
Who would have thought it?

At Oxford I took honours high
In ev'ry branch of human knowledge ;
My eloquence was such, that I
Was styled "The Gladstone of my College."
And yet, in my own county town,
He won my seat—although I'd bought it!
In fact, the fellow talked me down :
Who would have thought it ?

By facts like these, however loth,
I feel that my conviction's shaken ;
That, in my estimate of both
Myself and "friend," I've been mistaken.
The truth will have its way, alas !
In vain for years I've sternly fought it ;
'Tis I (not he) who am an ass !
Who would have thought it ?

LATTER-DAY CHIVALRY.

MR. BROWN was fifty-five, and Mr. Brown was rather
fat;
No city man was better dressed, or wore a glossier hat.
He was singularly modern in his habits and his ways,
But his fancy fondly clung to the romance of olden
days.

One day, as he was dozing by his cosy study fire,
With ev'ry comfort round him that a Briton could
desire,
Of a sudden he awoke, exclaiming, "What a bore it is
To live in such a stupidly prosaic age as this!

"I burn with high ambition some heroic deed to do;
I want to slay a dragon, and a Paynim churl or two,
To rescue lovely virgins—capture castles by assault,
And grapple with some spectre in its damp ancestral
vault.

"I should like to be a knight, and to perform (from time
to time)
Feats which troubadours might chronicle in eulogistic
rhyme.
I confess it would amuse me, now and then, to break a
lance
For a matron's silken favour, or a maiden's tender
glance.

"There is nothing that would please me more than, clad
in burnished steel,
To vault upon my courser's back and spur him with my
heel;
To charge my foe with levelled spear—my reins all
hanging loose—
And fiercely shout my battle-cry of '*Brown à la res-
cousse!*'

"A holy palmer's gown, with staff to match and cockle-
shell
As well as sandal-shoon, I think would suit me very
well;
For, thus arrayed, with rich and poor alike I could make
free,
And dear deluded damsels would confess their sins to
me.

"Alas! I know this cannot be, for knighthood's days are
past;
Were I to turn out *cap-à-pié*, my friends would stand
aghast.
Why, men-in-armour now are but provocative of chaff,
And even in the Lord Mayor's Show they only raise a
laugh!

"I wonder what my wife would say were I to take my
stand
At Regent Circus, Charing Cross—or even in the
Strand,

With visor closed and falchion bared, prepared to prove in arms
That not another woman can compare with her for charms?

"If at a recreant omnibus I fiercely should ride tilt,
And if perchance the driver or conductor should get spilt,
I think the odds are something more than forty-five to one
That minions would lay hold of me, and in I should be run!

"Or if, in minstrel garb, I were to scale the garden-wall
Of Smith, my next-door neighbour, and endeavour to enthrall
The heart of Mrs. Smith with a nocturnal serenade,
Old Smith would introduce me to his bull-dog, I'm afraid.

"The meekest men of modern times are giants, as a rule,
And no one would defy such harmless creatures but a fool.
The Fleet Street Dragon does not claim on pretty girls to sup,
And hippogriffs are quite extinct—I've had to give them up!

"There's naught for chivalry to do in times that teem, alas!
With steam and District School Boards, electricity, and gas.
What means could I employ some gross injustice to redress?
I know of none such. Yes, by Jove! I quite forgot the Press."

In the fulness of his heart, Brown jumped for joy and shouted "Hoo!"
Rang the bell for all the papers, and perused them through and through;
Till he hit upon a learned judge's sentence in a case
Which to common-sense and justice he considered a disgrace.

"Mary, fill me high the ink-pot, and go buy a gross of pens,
With a ream or two of thrice-cream-laid, regardless of expense;
For if my brand's keen edge I may not make th' oppressor feel,
I can touch him up acutely with another kind of steel."

He wrote indignant protests to the *Standard* and the *Post*,
The *Sunday Times* and *Telegraph* (their country's pride and boast),
The *Globe*, the *Athenæum* and the *Saturday Review*;
In fact, to all the dailies and the weeklies that he knew.

His letters were from twelve to four-and-twenty columns long,
Moreover, they were couched in terms unusually strong;
The wicked sentence they denounced—the erring judge they spurned—
So none of them got printed, nor was one of them returned.

He bought more ink and paper too, as well as pens galore,
And wrote for weeks and weeks, until he felt extremely sore.
This time it was a pamphlet of a highly with'ring kind,
Which he hastily indited and deliberately signed.

This stirring composition to a printing-firm he sent,
Requesting that the utmost pains upon it should be spent,
And adding that an issue of a million, or perhaps two,
He thought for his immediate requirements would do.

And when his work came out (octavo, neatly bound in boards)
He promptly sent off copies to the Commons and the Lords,
To all the Bishops on the Bench and Members of the Bar;
In short, to ev'ry soul whom he could think of, near and far.

Four thousand pounds for postage made him wince a little bit ;
But when the printers' bill came in, he nearly had a fit—
In order this account to pay—'twas rather rough on Brown —
He had to mortgage his estates and sell his house in town.

But worse remained behind—a blow of which he ne'er had dreamt—
The Lord Chief Justice had him up, and charged him with contempt,
Because "in certain pamphletary comments on a suit"
He had stigmatized a judge as a malicious, cruel brute.

Of course he was committed ; and was sentenced, so they say,
To forty years' hard labour, with a flogging twice a day.
"Moreover," said his Lordship, "I should mention, Mr. Brown,
That all your worldly goods are confiscated to the Crown."

So Brown picks oakum daily, and revolves the tedious crank ;
He's a miserable object, bent and grizzled, lean and lank.
I fancy, too, he finds it pretty irksome to receive
Some five-and-twenty lashes ev'ry morn and ev'ry eve.

Yet Brown's unchanged in soul, be it acknowledged to his praise ;
His fancy still clings fast to the romance of olden days—
And oft he's heard to murmur "What a horrid bore it is
To live in such a stupidly prosaic age as this !"

THE OYSTER AND THE GROUSE.

ON a sweltering August afternoon,
As the Speaker dismissed the House,
A Native Oyster wept on the breast
Of a sympathetic old Grouse.
"Pity me, comrade," he sobbed, "for deep
My mental anxieties are;
The dredging season commenced last week,
Though this isn't a month with an R!

"In days less cruel and greedy than these,
I was safe while the Dog-Star shone;
I could fatten in peace and dreamily gape
My subaqueous bed upon.
I could slumber, lulled by the lapping wave,
Through the heat of an August day,
Or, whistling softly, the gambols watch
Of my innocent spat at play.

"But a law, which I cannot hesitate
To denounce as a licence to crime.
Permits the vile dredger to hyke me up
Just a month before my time.

This savage, indecent, gluttonous haste
To deprive me of life, is due
To the basest of human propensities,
From the Oyster's point of view."

"Be of good comfort!" the Grouse replied,
"My griefs are as great as thine;
The month that endangers thy precious life
Is fatal to me and mine.
For our enemy, Man, at this time of year,
Is bent upon shooting me down,
That he may devour my roasted remains
At dinner with crumbs fried brown.

"The summertide through he has chuckled with joy
To hear I was hardy and strong;
In the House, as the deadly Twelfth drew nigh,
The debates he has deemed too long;
And now that the Session's chatter is done—
A marvel of wasted breath—
He is off with his dogs and gillies and gun
To the moors, to compass my death.

"We are one in our perils, my mollusc friend,
We are one in our family woes,
For our toothsome bodies are coveted now
By greedy, unscrupulous foes,
Who gloat on our fatness in leaders and 'pars'
With outbursts of fiendish glee,
And lick their lips at the hideous thought
Of swallowing thee and me!"

"A curse upon science!" the Oyster exclaimed,
As the tears his cheeks ran down,
"On the locomotive that brings us up fresh
To the gormandizing Town!
On the newspaper ghouls,—when I think of them
I can never choose but weep,—
Who revel in gruesome forecasts that we
Shall abound this year, and be cheap!"

Thus sadly, that August afternoon,
The Oyster did wail and whine,
While the brilliant eye of the Grouse was dimmed
With unfamiliar brine.
But he who heard them lament was glad,
And a smile illumined his face,
As he prophesied, "Natives a penny apiece,
And Grouse at three shillings a brace!"

GHOST-RIDDEN.

I CAN scarcely quite remember when my martyrdom began,
When conviction came upon me that I was a Haunted Man ;—
But I fancy ten, or perhaps a dozen, years have passed away
Since the first of many phantom forms appeared to me one day
In the shape of an unusually large and active Mouse
With a face like a geranium, and a plumage of a Grouse.
'Twas the herald or forerunner of unnumbered spectral hosts,
For I've ever since been harassed by the quaintest kinds of ghosts.

I had just become accustomed to this goblin, when I met,
In an unfrequented country lane, a Donkey, black as jet,
As he dawned upon my gaze, I thought I *must* have got the jumps,
For he wore a naval uniform and patent-leather pumps.
But I summoned up my courage and approached him with a smile,
Gasping "Good old chap!" and sundry other blandishments the while ;
Then he turned on me an eye that with a livid lustre shone,
Gnashed his teeth, as though in anger,—danced a hornpipe—and was gone !

I have often been awakened from an after-dinner doze
By the vision of a Beetle crawling up and down my nose.
When this grisly apparition first beset me, I confess
That I uttered piteous shrieks of consternation and distress.
But as soon as I discovered that my visitant was naught,
A mere phantom, unsusceptible of being squashed or caught,
I regarded it complacently, and even made a boast
Of my intimate acquaintance with a Coleopter's ghost.

I've been haunted by a tea-cup with a handle like an asp,
Which, whene'er I tried to clutch it, glided gently from my grasp ;
Yet the volatile utensil did not terrify me much,
And I felt that, at a pinch, I could put up with twenty such.
But when a scarlet Camelopard with an orange-tawney head
Called upon me late one winter night and sate down on my bed,
Where it sang the Christmas Carol and "I'll meet thee in the Glen!"
I concluded on the spot that I was not as other men.

Just imagine my amazement when a seven-headed Tench
Waddled up to me one morning, and accosted me in French.

"*Bonjour, cher,*" it said, "*comment ça va?*" I stammered in reply,
"*Assez bien, merci; et toi, ma vieille?*" which rather wiped its eye.
But the spectre-fish was sociable—it perched upon a wall
And narrated racy stories in the language of the Gaul,
Till I happened, quite in error, to address it as a Bream,
When it frowned on me reproachfully, and vanished, like a dream.

Of the spectral visitations that I suffer when in town,
The one that most annoys me is a Pantomimic Clown.
This persistent apparition is my torment and my bane,
With his loathsome string of sausages and "Here we are again!"
For remonstrance and anathema he airily derides,
While he plagues me with "*Hot Codlins,*" and with mimic buttered slides.
In a word, his persecutions make me feel extremely sad,
And, unless I soon get rid of him, I fear he'll drive me mad.

Lately, too, my wife has shrunk from me, again and yet again,
Just as though she thought that something were the matter with my brain.
And I've noticed that my children, whom I hold exceeding dear,
Labour under the impression that "Papa is sometimes queer."

Poor young things ! I scarce can wonder that they look
on me with dread,
As a perilous progenitor, completely off his head,
For, while worried by one goblin or another ev'ry day,
I conduct myself, no doubt, in an insensate sort of way.

Why, I ask, should *I* be chosen as a kind of *rendezvous*
By this frivolous, illogical, phantasmagorian crew ?
Why should spirits, all uncalled for, rise from out the
vasty deep
Just to tease me all day long, and even rob me of my
sleep ?
They are not devoid of humour, I confess, as spectres go,
But the fact that they are funny rather aggravates my
woe ;
For it riles me that the ghost of a Blackbeetle or a Moke
Should destroy my peace to gratify its fondness for a
joke.

BUMBLE TO THE BEEFEATER.

I'VE been reading in the paper, Mr. Beefeater, as how
The Lord Chamberlain is having of a game with you just now,
And is doing of his best to make you look a rummy card,
Much more like a prison-warder than a Yeoman of the Guard,

'Twas the Liberals—or Bobby Lowe at least—as I've heard say,
In a fit of public-spirited economy one day
On the 'andsome silver badge upon your arm who made a pounce,
And then sold it to a silversmith at four-and-two the hounce.

Shortly arter, bit by bit, they took away your swagger clo'es,
First your doublet, then your ruff, and then your plummy damask hose,
Gave you bluchers for to wear, instead of brilliant buckle shoes,
Put you into wulgar trousers, and a pennytenshal blouse.

Last of all, I'm told, the Chamberlain—a Tory, by the way—
Has deprived you of your velvet cap, that used to look so gay,
And bestowed on you a "pattern-hat" some Army-tailor chose,
Sech as farmers stick up on a pole to scare away the crows.

Wrongs like yours, my ill-used Yeoman, Bumble's sympathy may claim,
And he pities you sincerely in your sorrow and your shame;
But you ain't the honly tiptop hinstitooshun in the land
Upon which the low hiconoclask has laid his sordid hand.

Look at me! Why, bless your 'eart, it ain't so wery long ago
That my duds was jest as spiff as any London had to show;
I looked down with 'aughty scorn upon the Harmy and Perlice,
And was quite as big a toff as what the Frenchies call a "Sweess."

But them fellers in the Press, as always prates about Reform,
For porochiol hinstitooshuns made it most uncommon warm,

And partiklerly for me and other Beadles, whom they classed
With "the useless, bloated relics of a quaint Barbaric past."

I was wrote of as "the stupidest anomaly e'er seen,"
And a vile anakrinizzum—whatsoever that may mean—
Till the Vestrymen got frightened, and decided it was best
That the splendours of the Beadle should be totally suppressed.

So they cruelly despiled me of my three-caped rockylore,
Of the buckles and the "shorts" that on my nether-man I wore,
Of the hat, thrice-cocked and laced with gold, that was my special pride,
And the silver-topped rattan with which the boys I used to hide.

Thus transformed into the despicable hobject that you see,
I stand gazing on the picter of the swell I used to be;
And I feels conwinced Old England must be going to the dogs,
When her Beefeaters and Beadles has to wear sech common togs.

A FEW HOME-TRUTHS.

In spite of all the progress now ascribed to modern culture,
The habits seem to be unchanged of tiger, serpent, vulture;
The crocodile is what he was ten thousand years ago,
And ever will continue to be thus, for all we know.
The bulk of creatures animate still prey on one another;
The rabbit eats her offspring up—the monkey bites his mother.
Beneath the sun, it would appear, there's really nothing new;
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Nor have men's and women's characters or psychical condition
Suffered change to any great extent through Latter-Day tuition.
Seeming passes for reality as freely as of yore,
Clever vice looks down on stupid virtue, starving at its door.
When ambition prompts to vileness, conscience shrinks into her shell,
And infamy, allied to wealth, gets on extremely well.
Of course, the many still are badly governed by the few:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

If taken as a specimen-result of "onward movement,"
Our Parliament can scarcely claim to rank as an improvement.
Twain Legislative bodies, bent on mutual frustration,
Both demonstrate how *not* to do the business of the nation.
And which, of evils two, may be the less is not so clear—
The vulgar, stupid demagogue, or well-bred silly peer.
We've got them both, however, and they stick to us like glue
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

The "culture," too, of the æsthetes, with all its flaccid flams,
Its turgid affectations and its silly, sickly shams,
Is but as dross of Brummagem compared with virgin gold
When matched against the vigorous realities of old.
Our matrons and our girls "make up" with powder, bismuth, dye—
Figures, as well as frocks, obliging milliners supply—
Alas! the fairest cheeks are stained with artificial hue:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Is it well that Justice now should be a word, and nothing more,
With a meaning for the rich, but none whatever for the poor,—
A purchasable article, but only at a rate
That makes it unattainable to those of lowly state?

The law, as now dispensed, is but a hollow, grim pretence
For trading in injustice and defying common-sense.
Who meddles with it, rich or poor, has ample cause to rue:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Whilst humbug and mendacity unchallenged rule the roast,
Our vaunted "moral progress" is a despicable boast;
Society lies prone beneath the rhetorician's ban,
And glibness 'tis that—even more than money—makes the man.
The age is one of chatter, for the most part insincere;
Mere phrases form the basis of a prosperous career.
The talker gathers laurels that should be the thinker's due:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

PHOSPHORUS AND WATER.

THERE cannot be a doubt, as we all must have found out,
That Science does away with old delusions ;
And I frankly must confess that what I like still less
Is its tendency to shatter our illusions.
In more than one respect it seems painful to reflect,
That one's petted little son or fav'rite daughter
Should be proved by learned lore to be really nothing more
Than some phosphorus and half a pail of water !

Flesh and blood are idle dreams—muscle is not what it seems—
Bone and hair are common errors ; so is sinew ;
To believe in things we see, just as they appear to be,
Science warns us we no longer may continue.
Why, the mare that won the Oaks is no better than a hoax ;
Do you think her present owner would have bought her
Had he known it as a fact that the animal he backed
Was—some phosphorus and half a pail of water

Can we hope the tender passion will not soon go out of fashion
If this theory be widely promulgated?
Or that stolen glances, kisses, and the rest of lovers' blisses
As absurdities will not be deprecated?
If to married life inclined, many a girl will surely find
Life a trifle dull when Science shall have taught her
Not to waste her fond caresses on such unsubstantial messes
As—some phosphorus and half a pail of water!

While the sulky Peers are pouting, and the Radicals are shouting
For subversion of the British Constitution,
One could wish that Whig and Tory, to the chemist's greater glory,
Were restored to their original solution.
Why, I ask, should England cower to these cacklers of an hour,
Who by clamour to attend to them have wrought her?
What are all these tedious babblers and unprofitable gabblers?
Only phosphorus and half a pail of water!

It seems to me, the notion that mankind is but a lotion,
Or rather an insipid, thin infusion,
If widely tolerated, is distinctly calculated
To cause a deal of trouble and confusion.

'Twould be little less than treason, were the beauty of the season
All your own—if you in Cupid's toils had caught her—
Should you hint to your connections that you'd centred your affections
On "some phosphorus and half a pail of water!"

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

I PICKED up the *Nineteenth Century*, one chilly autumn day,
In the quest of something light, wherewith to while the time away,
And I chanced upon an essay (as I turned its pages o'er)
Setting forth some thrilling facts, with which I'd never met before.
For it proved—quite irrespective of the Christian point of view—
That Mankind is one great family; that Pagan, Moslem, Jew,
Whether white, or black as jet, or copper-coloured be their skin,
Are, without the least exception, one another's kith and kin.

That the negro is my brother, is an axiom which, in youth,
Was impressed upon my intellect as pure and solid truth;
But I never quite believed it, for I somehow failed to see
What connection could exist between a blackamoor and me.

Still I'm willing to accept him as a cousin, out of hand—
All the more so as he dwells in an extremely distant land;
And I don't the least object to a Red Indian or Malay
As a relative, providing he keeps far enough away.

'Tis a fact of which the author, Mr. Kendall, is cocksure,
That all Englishmen now living, high or low-born, rich or poor,
Are descended from the people who inhabited this land,
When King Harold, hard by Hastings, made his last heroic stand;
That is, each and all of us, from each and ev'ry one who then
Drew his breath, and had his being 'mongst the English sons of men;
So that all we Anglo-Saxons of to-day, it would appear,
Are own cousins to each other, from the peasant to the peer.

Were it possible a monarch or a beggar to revive,
Who, eight centuries ago, in Merry England was alive,
One of Nature's holiest impulses should prompt us to embrace,
In that venerable personage, the Father of our race.

And again, if any one of us with Death could make a pact
His existence for just half-a-score of ages to protract,
When that term should have expired he would occupy the post
Of great-grandpapa in common to the total human host.

I confess that I am gratified to find it clearly proved
That Prince Bismarck is my cousin, only twenty times removed ;
A distinction which he shares with Viscount Wolseley, G.C.B.,
And with swells galore, my kinsmen in the very same degree.
I may mention, just at hazard, half-a-dozen of their names—
Abdul Hamid, Francis Joseph, Kalakaua, David James ;
Not forgetting, too, that literary potentate, the Shah,
Nor the sanguinary Sovereign of Borioboola-Gha.

I'm connected with her Majesty by consanguineous links
Which unite us in relationship much nearer than she thinks ;
For we both descend from Alfred in direct unbroken line,
And her lineage, down to Rufus, is identical with mine.

Now I know that she s my cousin, it annoys me to reflect
That I've given her some reason to complain of my neglect ;
So I'll write to her to-morrow just to say, as we're akin,
That I'll call on her whenever it may suit her to be in.

But, of all the startling facts that Mr. Kendall brings to light,
There is one that thrills my bosom with ineffable delight,
For it proves that all the inmates of the habitable earth
Were engaged, a thousand years ago, in compassing my birth.
And I think it is a thing of which a fellow may be proud,
When he finds himself by science unexpectedly endowed
With four thousand million ancestors—which (Mr. Kendall says)
Was the number of my forefathers in good King Alfred's days.

By the time that Norman William had been laid beneath the sod,
My progenitors had dwindled down to sixteen million odd.
It surprised me, I admit, when first I learnt that, at that date,
The sum total of Old England's population was so great ;

But the author states it as a fact of which he has no doubt,
And a reverend essayist ought to know what he's about;
Though it seems a little odd that the historians and he
With respect to their statistics should so widely disagree.

From our parity of origin the dogma is inferred
That all titles of nobility are futile and absurd,
And that equal in their right to ev'ry foot of British soil
Are the heir to countless acres and the lowly son of toil;
Furthermore, each free-born Englishman—the essayist maintains—
Is as legally a monarch as the Sovereign who reigns;
And our ladies, bless their hearts! will learn with satisfaction keen
That there is not one among 'em who is not by birth a Queen.

For my kingship, I confess, I don't particularly care;
But, if land be common property, I mean to have my share,—
Something lucrative—it matters not how limited in space—
Say one-half of Regent Circus, or a block in Grosvenor Place.

To obtain what's justly due to me shall be my future task;
I intend henceforth my "relatives" incessantly to ask,
In this new redistribution scheme, pray where do I come in,
If it be a fact, as Kendall says, that "All the World's Akin"?

GERMAN COLONIZATION.

Er lebe hoch! I tells you vot, *Schockschwerenoth* it's true,
Der BISMARCK ist der videavakest Mensch I ever knew.
For him I am beghosted in a most tremendous vay;
There nefer vos no other shtatesman like him, in my day.
The Austrians and verflixte French he schlug upon the kop,
Of German One-hood then he made a rightdown shplendit jop,
And now he tells his landsmen, "Boys! our banner is unfurlt:—
Go out of this, you hero-brood, and colonize the worldt!"

Vot larks! Germania, mit her crown and sword and shining robe,
Vill take her shtately flight across this old terrestrial globe,
And vhere she sees a shtrip of likely coast, vot no-one owns,
Except the natife safages that vorships shtocks and shtones,

She'll shwoop shtraight down upon it, mit a motion
calm and grand,
And firmly plant our conquest-wealthy shtandard in the
sand.
Then, if the niggers ask her vot the teuce it is she would,
She shall answer: "*Liebe Leute*, I am come here for
your good!

"I have brought you German culture for the poddy and
the mind,
Die erhabene Kultur of efery sort and efery kind;
All the pessimistic dogtrines of the Schopenhauer
school
And the blessings of a bureaucratish-military rule.
I shall teach you shplendit knowledge, vot you hitherto
have lacked,
That religion is a fantasy, vhile sausage is a fact;
Ja, the mysteries of sauerkraut to you shall be made
clear,
And your souls shall learn to float on foaming waves of
Lager-Bier!

"I do not intend to long-while you mit missionary
rant,
But to brighten up your intellects mit Hegel and mit
Kant.
Mit our Army-Service system I'll begift you by-and-by,
And mit all the priceless blessings of our *Hohe Polizei*..

Ach ! I lofes you as a moder, and your happiness, I shwear,
Shall forefer be the one surpassing object of my care.
I'll civilize you, *Kinder, mid dem edlen Gerstenbrei,*
And mit discipline, *Potztausend !*—or I'll know the reason vhy !"

And then *die hehre Göttin*, hof'ring on the æther blue,
Vill summon up her gunboats and her Pickelhauben too,
Her bearded brawny varriors, vot nefer knew no fear,
And troops of learned bureaucrats, all buttoned-up to here.
Then if the shtupit natifes don't attend to vot she said,
And makes themselves unpleasant, they must all be shooted dead ;
For trifles in the vay of German culture must not shtand—
Hoch soll der Bismarck leben ! I drinks, "Our Fatherland !"

THE MEMBER FOR THE STRAND.

It is no less strange than true that, ever since I was a boy,
When my parents looked upon me as their only pride and joy,
It has been my sole ambition, of my mind the single bent
An especial London District in the House to represent.
Heaven bless Redistribution! It entitles me to hope
That my legislative talent soon will find its proper scope;
For no sooner shall the Bill come into force than I will stand
On the hustings for election as the Member for the Strand!

What an entertaining district! What constituents to serve!
Could I think that from such voters my fidelity could swerve,
Or that with their lightest wishes I to trifle could attempt,
I should certainly regard myself with something like contempt.

I, the Actors' Representative! With joy my heart is thrilled
When I think I may be chosen by the kindly, joyous guild,
By the members of the pleasantest "profession" in the land,
To defend their public interests as Member for the Strand!

That proposals have been made to me I candidly must own
By the Districts of St. Pancras, and of Mary, hight Le Bone;
And the modish Saint of Hanover (not Georgy of the East)
Has entreated me to sit for him, a dozen times at least.
To his latest deputation I replied, "'Tis all in vain;
I can *not* consent to represent your fashionable fane,
For I've registered a vow that I will ask the mummer-band
To advance me to the dignity of Member for the Strand!"

Could a candidate be anything but confident and cool,
If proposed by Henry Irving, and if seconded by Toole?
If he knew that Ellen Terry wore his colours on her breast,
And was canvassing from house to house all day at his behest?

I will rally them around me, all the dear familiar names,
Henry Neville, Charley Warner, Thomas Thorne, and
David James ;
And, if I can but prevail on them to take me by the
hand,
I shall head the poll triumphantly as Member for the
Strand !

And when once in old St. Stephen's I have ta'en the
oaths and seat
On behalf of my constituents be sure I'll do what's
meet ;
In the side of the Lord Chamberlain I mean to be a
thorn,
And to make all captious critics wish they never had
been born.
When they worry my electors I shall move the House
each time
To commit them to the Tower till they purge them of
their crime.
Actors' pensions and theatrical subventions I have
planned,
And I'll realize my projects when—I'm Member for the
Strand !

THE FOUR NOBLE BURGLARS.

A BARON, a Marquis, a Duke, and an Earl
Were dining together one evening at White's;
They were all overdone by the worry and whirl
Of a long London season's amusements and sights—
By the luncheons that stupefy, dinners that tire,
Dull rides in the Row, deadly five o'clock teas,
At which fashion condemns you to gasp and perspire
While draining the cup of *ennui* to the lees.

No pleasure they took in the joys of the table;
Though stalwart, they recked not to breakfast or sup—
E'en to plunge at *bezique* they no longer were able,
For the fact was these nobles were deuced hard up!
Moaned the Marquis, "We're all in a state of depression;
As for me, my existence is simply a bore;
Let us strike a new line out—adopt some profession
Which no British Peer ever practised before."

"To waste further time is quite out of the question,"
Said the Earl to the Duke, with a dig in the ribs.
His Grace replied promptly, "I like your suggestion,
But what can *we* do that will rake in the dibs?

The men who get on are those fellows who prey
On the rich in a deft but irregular manner ;—
Now we, I imagine, are not 'built that way,'
And at swindling or forging could scarce earn a tanner."

Then the Baron cried, "Listen, old chappies ; I've hit
On a notion that's brilliant and perfectly new ;—
Why shouldn't we four try to burgle a bit,
And wrest from the wealthy what's fairly our due ?
Garotting is vulgar, and cruel to boot,
The pickpocket oft is despised when detected ;
But burglary's just the profession to suit
A lover of enterprise, highly connected."

Full gaily the Earl drained his pewter, and laughed,
Exclaiming, "To learn, boys, 'tis never too late ;
We may just as well study the housebreaking craft,
And ply it to better our worldly estate.
Let us search the advertisement-sheet of *The Times*,
And find out where burglary best may be taught ;
It is under the heading 'Instruction in Crimes,'
That such information is usually sought."

A paper was fetched, and his Grace read aloud
The following paragraph :—"Criminal Tips!
Young Nobles and Gentlemen under a cloud
Apply to Professor Jehoshaphat Fipps,
At his residence, 2, Sheppard Buildings, E.C.,
Where he nightly gives lessons, from seven till nine,
To youngsters of spirit, from prejudice free,
In arts which amusement with profit combine."

Next evening the Peers, fully dressed for their parts
In moleskin and highlows and flat beaver-caps,
Sought out the Professor with quick throbbing hearts,
Their courage all but in a state of collapse.
Mr. Fipps gave them seats ; then politely inquired,
If ought to oblige them perchance he could do,
And replied, when they told him what 'twas they required,
"All right, noble sportsmen !—I'll soon put you through !"

He taught them to handle the jemmy with grace,
To frisk with the centre-bit, toy with the file—
To flourish the fitful dark lanthorn apace,
And wield the gay crowbar in elegant style ;
With skeleton-keys to pick counting-house locks,
To ply the dumb saw and the chisel that's cold,
To prise up the lid of a banker's strong-box,
And the portals of burglar-proof safes to unfold.

They learned other pretty and fanciful tricks
With playthings that true-hearted cracksmen hold dear ;
The handy revolver, or "toko for six,"
The frolicsome clasp-knife, and bludgeon severe.
" For the best tempered burglar," their teacher explained,
" Be he e'er so averse to contention or strife,
In defence of his liberty may be constrained
On some special occasion to take human life."

When their Lordships were thoroughly versed in their trade,
And had passed their exams. in a masterly way,
They agreed that a dashing attempt should be made,
Their expertness to test without further delay.
Should they first try their hands at a light, easy job,
Not too risky, but graceful, artistic and neat,
Or essay a bold stroke the Exchequer to rob,
Or the merry Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

At last they resolved that the best thing to do,
Was to try an experiment just for a lark,
(And to keep their hands in for a lucrative *coup*,)
On a workman's abode near Victoria Park.
They hankered for something quite simple and plain,
Both suburban and poor, for their trial essay;
So they picked out a one-storeyed house down a lane,
Which they learned had been empty for many a day.

They commenced their attack in the dead of the night,
Scaled a wall, dug a tunnel, and cut through two floors,
Wrenched a lock off with stern, irresistible might,
And broke open some thoroughly unsecured doors.
For booty they hunted below and on high—
But nought could they find save a chunk of cold veal,
Till, down in the basement, they chanced to espy,
Near the back kitchen sink a huge trapdoor of steel.

In a second the trap from its fastness they tore,
When, heaped up pell-mell, of all shapes and all sizes,
The gratified Peers beheld score upon score
Of grand and legitimate housebreakers' prizes,—
Tiaras of rubies and diamond *rivières*,
Superb jewelled bracelets and brooches and rings,
Great emerald, sapphire, and pearl *solitaires*,
And all manner of precious, magnificent things.

As they gazed on these treasures with glittering eyes,
Lightly handling the gew-gaws with delicate touches.
The Duke softly murmured, "Oh! what a surprise!
Why, some of these trinkets belong to the Duchess!"
"By Jove!" said the Marquis, "this carcanet here
Has been worn scores of times by my dowager-aunt!"
And the Baron rejoined, "It seems perfectly clear
That this squalid abode is a regular plant!"

"What a joke!" cried the Earl. "We have chanced on the ken
Of professional brethren, our seniors in guile,
And I think that, for young inexperienced men,
We have collared their plunder in workmanlike style.
Let us cull and remove these nefarious hoards—
We can turn the whole lot into cash at our leisure;
A delightful career is before us, my Lords,
A bright future of usefulness, profit, and pleasure!"

The next day they disposed of their swag for a plum,
And invested the proceeds in Spaniards and Turks,
After nobly deducting a moderate sum
For the Burglar's Relief Fund and other good works.
They paid all their creditors, kept up their rank,
Betted ponies and monkeys like regular "toppers;"
Till one night, as they'd just broken into a bank,
These deserving young nobles were nailed by the "coppers."

* * * * * *

The Old Bailey was crowded one sunny May morn
With ladies arrayed in superlative frocks,
When the jury who sate on our nobles forlorn,
Found them guilty at once, without leaving the box.
And it thus came to pass, I regret to relate,
That these earnest, industrious, well-meaning Peers,
The pride of their order, the stay of the State,
Were condemned to pick oakum for twenty-one years!

A BENEVOLENT ADULTERATOR.

JOSEPH JUGGINS, twenty years ago, a spanking fortune made,
Not by bulling, nor by bearing, nor by mining speculation ;—
No ; he drove a highly spirited, remunerative trade
In provisions, gently tempered by astute adulteration.

When his gains had mounted up to such a very handsome sum
That it took a dozen clerks a week to find out what he owed,
It befell him that his conscience, which had theretofore been numb,
Roused itself to do its duty as an active moral goad.

Its suggestions were not pleasant—nay, indeed were the reverse--
At his very heart's core, night and day, incessantly they gnawed,
Pointing out with painful frequency that, probably a curse
Would attend upon emoluments derived from wholesale fraud.

"I have done a deal too well, I fear," repentant Juggins said,
"With my oleo-margarine, retailed as Dorset of the best,
With my tins of slimy odds and ends, my homicidal bread,
And my sauces which from inexpensive drugs obtained their zest.

"I have made vast sums of money by those profitable teas,
Which acquire peculiar fragrance from the foliage of the sloe;
By my honey, manufactured independently of bees;
By my eighteenpenny "sparkling," and my ninepenny Bordeaux.

"I must make full reparation, and with all convenient speed,
To the much offended sources of my evil-gotten wealth.
Let me do some highly creditable philanthropic deed,
Do it, too, exceeding promptly, and, if possible, by stealth!

"Shall I found an Institution for the permanent relief
Of my deeply injured clients of the lower-middle class,
Who, in pocket or in health, have come to swift and hideous grief,
By consuming food and drink which I supplied to them, alas!

"'Twould be sure to be mismanaged!—Happy thought!"—and here a smile
Played about the lips of Juggins. "'Tis quite obvious how I may
Make the needful restitution to the victims of my guile
In a far more thorough-going, yet less ostentatious way."

Straight he opened all his principal emporia once more,
And placarded his resolve to recommence the daily sale
Of the edibles and potables in which he'd dealt before;
But at prices unrecorded in the annals of retail.

At elevenpence a bottle, strange and wild as it may seem,
He supplied East India Sherry, Comet Hock, and "Twenty" Port;
He adulterated milk with thirty-three per cent. of cream,
And retailed it to his clients at a halfpenny the quart.

Orange Pekoe and Young Hyson, sweetly flavoured and perfumed,
Could be bought at his establishments for one-and-four the pound,
And his fine old fragrant Mochas were extensively consumed
At the price which Juggins paid to have the berries burnt and ground.

All the articles provided by this much repentant wight
Were superlative in quality, and yet so wondrous cheap,
That his shops were thronged with customers from morning until night,
While his business competitors had ample cause to weep.

As for him, his spirits regularly rose from day to day,
In proportion to the chronic diminution of his pelf;
He exulted in his losses, and was often heard to say,
That a clear and spotless conscience was a fortune in itself.

When the brand of black remorse was quite effaced from Juggins' brow,
And the balance at his bankers wore the semblance of an O,
All the ruined London tradesmen met, and registered a vow
To be bitterly avenged upon the author of their woe.

Twenty thousand strong, they fiercely stormed his house at dead of night,
Woke him from his tranquil slumber, tore him from his little bed,
Shouting out, with imprecations all unfit for ears polite,
"Death to Juggins! Let him perish, who has robbed us of our bread!"

In their wrath they turned and rent him—badly, I regret
to say—
Irretrievably, indeed, as far as Juggins was concerned ;
For his fragments were collected and in triumph borne
away
To the foot of Nelson's Column, where next morning,
they were burned.

But the people, prizing Juggins as a man of antique
mould,
As a credit to his country, and an honour to his race,
In the precincts of the Abbey raised a pyramid of gold,
With the following inscription, deeply graven on its
base :—

" In Memoriam ! This monument commemorates the
deeds
Of a singularly generous and philanthropic man,
Who expended all his substance to relieve his neighbours'
needs,
And reversed commercial principles to carry out his
plan.

" Human jealousy removed him prematurely from this
earth
To a region where such sacrifice as his reward should
find ;
And a sorrow-stricken Nation thus pays tribute to the
worth
Of J. Juggins, the lamented benefactor of mankind ! "

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

(*By One of Them.*)

In these days of Cheap Excursions, when the summer-
time comes round,
Many thousands of my countrymen repair to foreign
ground,
Where their manners, as a rule,—although exceptions
are not few,—
Leave a deal to be desired from a local point of view.
I have watched them on the Continent through many a
season past
With profound humiliation; and the time is come at
last
When I feel that I no longer can refrain, at any price,
From endowing British Tourists with a little good
advice.

Lend your ears, esteemed compatriots,—ye Robinsons
and Browns,
Who frequent Italian lakes, Helvetian peaks, and
German towns,
Who recur upon the Righi, and are annually seen
Huddled up in plaids, and shiv'ring, in the chilly
Engadine;

Ye, whose aspect is familiar to Parisians, Viennese,
Neapolitans, Venetians, Genoese, and Milanese;
Let me give an useful hint or two to each and ev'ry one,
As to what the Briton, whilst abroad, should do—and
leave undone.

Take no notice of the persons whom you meet in boat
or train,
For civility to strangers goes against the English grain;
If they venture to address you, look them coldly up and
down
With a smile of scornful pity, or a supercilious frown.
Your expression will recall to them the destiny forlorn
Which created them mere foreigners, whilst *you* are
British-born.
Thus incisively brought home to them, no longer will
they shirk
The conviction that an Englishman is Nature's noblest
work!

Never raise your hats on entering a shop or *restaurant*,
Where, enthroned behind the counter of the smart
établissement,
Sits a lady, whom the natives all salute as they come
in;
Such politeness, in a thorough-going Briton, were a sin.
Speak in English to the shopmen and the waiters, by
the way,
They will listen with deep interest to ev'ry word you
say;—

Should they fail to seize your meaning, shout and swear,
and "give them fits,"—
A few hearty British expletives will stimulate their wits!

Always carve your name, in characters indelible and
bold,
Upon statues of renown, reputed worth their weight in
gold,
And on palaces and churches, which are manifestly
meant
To record the patronymic of an Anglo-Saxon gent.
On the very oldest Masters 'tis a truly British lark,
With the point of an umbrella or a stick, to make your
mark;
Or to chip off, here and there, a little finger or a toe
From a marble god or hero, fashioned centuries ago.

When you enter a cathedral during service, never fail
At the mummeries of ignorant idolatry to rail;
And you need not be too careful not to jostle those who
pray,
As you stride about the building in your stalwart British
way.
Whilst conversing with your Guide, too, never moderate
your voice,
But address him in a louder tone than usual, for choice;
Thus the superstitious natives will be made to under-
stand
Why we Britons are so popular in ev'ry foreign land.

Whilst at meals, attract the notice of your sisters and your wives
To the gobbling French and Germans, as they juggle with their knives,
And be sure that you revile the "beastly cooking," "sour wine,"
And "abominable service," when at *table-d'hôte* you dine.
Pray remember that, on principle, such observations should
Be made audible to foreigners—they ought to do them good!
And suppose they prove offensive, you, at least, are none the worse—
For the feelings of a Parleyvoo what Briton cares a curse?

Disregard all regulations wheresoever you may go;
Foreign edicts were not made for free-born Englishmen, you know.
In the station and the custom-house be blustering and bold,
And on no account demean yourselves by doing as you're told.
Thrust your noble nationality in everybody's face,
Show the Continent fine samples of the Anglo-Saxon race,
Whose innate superiority to Latin, Teuton, Gaul,
Is a fact that cannot fail to be acknowledged by them all!

THE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.

(*A Musical Reporter's Growl.*)

Oh! be joyful! For small mercies let us truly grateful be!
With which sentiment I think my weary colleagues will agree.
The distressing entertainments they have found so dread a bore,
For some months to come, at least, will be imposed on them no more.
Ev'ry pianist, ev'ry vocalist is packing his portmanteau
To convey to other climes his "execution" or "bel canto,"
(What a joy to think of tenors out at sea when there's a breeze on!)
And we've heard the last, thank goodness! of the Concerts of the Season.

Wealthy idle *dilettanti*, who for lack of aught to do
Lounge from concert-room to concert-room in quest of something new,
Have no notion of the agonies that critics such as I
Are compelled to suffer year by year, from April to July;

Of the pangs that are inflicted by the merciless sonata,
By the cruel old *capriccio* and the truculent *toccata*,
By the drivel set to music, void of poetry or reason,
That are dinned into our ears throughout the Concerts of the Season.

Every *matinée* that's "patronized" by dead-heads who applaud
In return for their admissions, is no better than a fraud;
For, themselves unknown, its givers on the fame of others trade,
And the artists on whose talents they depend are never paid.
But you hear them sing the same old songs—you see the same old faces
Reproduce the same old smiles and leers—the stereotyped grimaces
That remind you of a popular buffoon who has a "wheeze" on,
And enhance your detestation of the Concerts of the Season.

You are bidden to a Concert in Park Lane or Eaton Square,
And what sort of entertainment do you have when you get there?
Certain ballads of the day, vociferated out of tune,
As, for instance, "*Yours to-morrow*," or "*It cannot be too soon;*"

Then, a pianoforte solo full of scrambles, and of thumps
Long and wearisome enough to give an iron-clad the jumps ;
And you loathe the Herr or Signor who disports himself the keys on
As the worst of your tormentors at the Concerts of the Season.

There's the noisome *fantasia*, that's spun out extremely thin,
By another gifted alien on a squeaky violin ;
And the vile duet that ends with "Tra la la ! we are so gay ! "
Which is always sung by sisters in a meekly stolid way ;
The *allegro* and *adagio* and *prestissimo con brio*
Of that dismal soporific, the interminable *trio*,
In an interval of which your hat and stick you wildly seize on,
And escape, invoking curses on the Concerts of the Season.

If 'twere possible that I could be a Judge, let us suppose,
With the power to inflict whatever penalties I chose,
I'd imprison Ballad-Vocalists in dark and slimy vaults,
Instrumental variations should be dealt with as assaults,
And the sentence I would pass upon inveterate offenders
Would be this—quite irrespective of their ages or their genders—
As an extra-heavy punishment for burglary or treason,
A compulsory attendance on the Concerts of the Season.

IMPERIAL ORATORY.

I MAY claim to be a patriot, for 'tis my fondest dream
To promote the quick fruition of the Federative scheme
Which shall give to Greater Britain the cohesion that she lacks,
And unite in one vast League her whites, her tawnies, and her blacks.
With respect to British subjects, I desire to efface
All existing disabilities of colour, creed, and race,
And, throughout the greatest Empire that this earth has ever seen,
To give parity of rights to every liegeman of the Queen.

I opine that ev'ry folk which owns Old England's kindly sway
Is entitled in her Parliament to say its utmost say;
That its delegates, no matter what their hue, should one and all
Be convoked unto St. Stephen's, to make laws for great and small;
Regulations should not force them in our mother-tongue to speak—
The Hindoo should spout in Tamil, and the Cypriote in Greek;
For I deem it an injustice that might break a heart of stone
To compel a man to prate in any idiom but his own.

I should dearly like to listen to Sir Jinjir Jellijee
Pitching into Mr. Gladstone in the choicest Bengalee,
And to see Sir William Harcourt, grim and desperate, at bay,
Undergoing confutation in colloquial Malay.
What could be more interesting than a Maiden Speech in Zulu,
Or a Motion in the dialect of Wooloo-wooloo-mooloo,
Or a spirited discussion on the Order of the Day
'Twixt a Mic-Mac legislator and the Member for Bombay?

It would entertain me very much to hear a Vote of Thanks
Moved in fine old crusted Cornish—aye, and seconded in Manx;
And I feel convinced that in the House there must be many a Mac
Who can make a speech in Gaelic quite as well as William Black.
Why, I ask, should not the Member for Ben Cruachan or Lewis,
When he wants to move the House, give notice thus:
—"*Riabh na cuis*"?
And, supposing that adjournment be his object, is it fair
To cry "Question!" when he murmurs, "*A fhir gudidh na cagair*"?

'Twould be little less than touching were the Member for Tralee
To refer to George Trevelyan as "*Acushla Gramachree!*"
Or to mention Johnny Morley—never thus described before—
As "*Nabocklish och! Mavourneen,*" or, maybe, as "*Shaun asthore.*"
Very likely, Irish arguments would pithy be and terse,
And more luminous than heretofore, if urged in classic Erse,
Which has recently been proved, beyond a doubt, to be the tongue
That was spoken by the patriarch Methuselah, when young.

There's a Member of our Parliament who yearns to speak his mind
In an unfamiliar language of a very ancient kind.
He believes, as I am told, that he is called upon to teach
All his colleagues to appreciate the fervid Cymric speech;
Yet I fear he scarce will dare to "move the House," as matters stand,
In the liquid, throaty accents of his dear old native land;
Though I really fail to see what right the Commons have to squelch
The elect of Rhondda Valley, just because he speaks in Welsh!

That this gushing minstrel-poet—Mabon is his Bardic name—
Should be doomed to chronic silence in the Commons is a shame,
For at banquets he is often heard his manly voice to raise
In extempore penillions and stirring Druid lays.
Yet when he—"*Y Gwir Anrhydeddus*"—would fain address the House,
Not a single shout of "*Clywch!*" renders tribute to his *nous;*
And he somehow always fails to catch the Speaker's roving eye,
When the spirit moves him to exclaim, "*Gohiriad y Ty!*"

If my plan should be adopted, 'twould our Ministers compel
To learn five-and-forty languages, or more—and learn them well;
And the number of aspirants to the Cabinet, maybe,
Would be sensibly diminished by that stern necessity;
Though their burden of vernaculars they haply might decrease
By dividing it among them, at the rate of five apiece.
But I fear some would-be Speakers it may possibly appal
To reflect that they, at least, *will be obliged to know them all!*

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

FAREWELL TO LISZT.

[The following lines were spoken in public on the occasion of Franz Liszt's last public appearance in London, at Princes Hall, April 19th, 1886.]

THE time, alas! has come to bid farewell
To this our Master, who—though brief the space
Of his abiding in our English land—
Has won a place of vantage in our hearts,
And, should we ne'er set eyes on him again,
Will live in our remembrance evermore.
The stately form, the reverend white hair,
The captivating smile, the radiant look
Informed by genius—sparkling and yet soft,
Lustrous with inner light of kindliness,
Will linger with us when he shall be gone;
And those to whom his gifts have been revealed,
Who round the charméd clavichord have sate
When Francis Liszt has made it live and breathe,
And laugh and weep, and whisper words of love,
Tune gipsy dances on the Puszta wild,
Wail out the mournful numbers of a dirge,
Or chant the fighting Magyar's battle-song,
Will often fancy that they see again
Tone-pictures fashioned by the Master's hands.

Those slender hands that conjure from the keys
Poems of sound and spell-fraught phantasies,
Have scattered boundless bounties to the poor,
Have worked their magic on behalf of Art,
Have toiled to honour Masters of the Past,
To foster young ambition, and assuage
The bitterness of many an humble woe.

Let us, who love the artist, ne'er forget
The reverence we owe unto the man
Whose grandly reckless generosity
Set up great Beethoven in bronze at Bonn,
When forty millions of Germania's sons
Were asked in vain to pay the tribute due.
Teutonic thrift shrank from the costly charge;
Not so the noble Magyar. When the chief
Of Hungary's Five Rivers burst its banks
And overflowed the streets of stately Pesth,
Bringing swift ruin to a thousand homes,
Who poured out timely aid in golden streams
And stemmed the terrors of the ruthless flood?

'Twas Liszt! His splendid gains he e'er has held
In trust for all his suff'ring fellow-men,
No matter what their country, creed, or race;
And that which he had earned by strenuous toil,
They needing help, was no more his, but theirs.
Thus has he lived his life from youth to age,
And now, meseems, around his silvered locks
Hovers the glimmer of a halo, shed
By countless works of Charity and Love.

Not unrewarded are his gracious deeds;
What honours and distinctions may be given
By mighty Emperors and Kings, are his;
The proudest Orders claim him for their Knight,
And jewelled stars shine brightly on his breast.
The architects of history, and those
Who guide the thoughts and form the tastes of men,
For half a cycle past have been his friends.

But chief of his rewards, more precious far
Than Royal favour or supreme renown,
Is the affection of the thankful poor,
Who summon down GOD'S blessings on his head,
As we do now, whilst bidding him adieu,
In words all insufficient to express
The love and veneration that we feel.
Great artist! true philanthropist! dear friend!
Our hearts go with thee. Francis Liszt, farewell.

CRAIG-Y-NOS.

[Madame Adelina Patti's country seat in Brecknockshire stands upon a ledge of a huge green hill, the Welsh name of which is Craig-y-Nos—*Anglicé*, "The Rock of Night."]

ROCK of the Night! thy broad and rugged brow
Cleaves the white mist and braves the angry wind;
Girdling the mead that nestles at thy base,
A crystal brook runs babbling to the sea;
And on thy verdant breast a jewel shines
Unique in splendour, lustrous as a star,
More precious than the magic gem of yore
That held the sprites of earth and air in thrall,
And made all living and all ghostly things
Obey the Royal Minstrel's Wizard son.
The priceless pearl thy bosom that adorns,
Old Cymric cliff, has mystic powers too;
Who gazes on it sees a vision bright—
The Queen of Song throned on the Rock of Night!

THE WORST WOE.

THE worst of all man's countless cares,
Who, who will tell me?
Each striving soul some burthen bears—
Which may the heaviest be?

"I once had wealth,
I lived in luxury—possessed
All that could fill my cup of life
With happiness. I ne'er repressed
A wish, nor dreamt of toil, or strife
With fortune. Daily, then, I fed
On dainties. Now I work for bread
With heavy heart and shattered health!"

Aye, poverty is hard, I own,
Yet need'st thou not despair;
The very King upon his throne
Has many a weightier care.

"I fondly loved a maid.
A thousand times she promised me
And with soft kisses sealed each vow
That she would ever constant be,
True, whilst we both should live. And now,

How is it with me? She has cast
Me off with scorn—I know not why—
She scruples not my life to blast,
She recks not if I live or die.
Is not my care the worst?
Have I not lost my first
And only love? What sadder can be said?"

Be patient. Thou art not alone
In frustrate hope, in sorrow;
Time heals the wound thou dost bemoan,
Look forward to to-morrow!

"What comfort can'st thou give to *me?*
Where shall I find amends?
Poor am I, yet despair not—
For penury I care not!
I love, and I am young;
My heart hath not been wrung
As yet by woman's treachery.
But I have closely clung
To friendship. Now, alas! I lose my friends!"

Thy load the heaviest is;—for gold
And love, though lost, may yet again be won,
But friendship is not bought or sold—
Its thread, once broken, ne'er can be re-spun.

SONGS.

MY FANCY'S QUEEN.

I WILL not say if she be dark or fair,
Or if her eyes be hazel, black, or blue ;
I will not dwell upon her wealth of hair,
Or on its silken glossiness or hue.
I know not if to other men she seem
The sweetest woman earth has ever seen,
The incarnation of a poet's dream—
But this I know ; she is my Fancy's Queen.

Be thou for ever blest, propitious day,
When first I saw her, robed in creamy white.
I sought to speak to her—she would not stay,
But, like a startled wood-bird, took to flight.
The fairies knew her as she swiftly stept
Along the forest pathway arched with green ;
And from their flower-fastnesses out crept,
To weave new love-spells for my Fancy's Queen.

I followed hard at heel—she knew it not,
For never once she turned her lovely face
Nor paused, but onward sped towards the spot
Whereon were housed her innocence and grace.
I rested not until I learned her name,
And wooed her—aye, and made her mine, I ween !
And now she is a grave and stately dame ;
But none the less is she my Fancy's Queen.

(Music by Charles Hargitt. Published by Chappell and Co.)

FORSWORN.

Do you remember, one bleak winter morning,
Late in a lingering year of the past,
Freshly fall'n snowflakes the sprays were adorning,
Both your dear hands in my own were held fast?
Darksome the sky was, and angry the weather,
Little cared we for the gloom or the cold—
Bitter the blast, but we faced it together,
Warm with the glow of a passion untold.
Broken the promise you swore to fulfil,
Yet do I think of it, dream of it still;
Ever adoring you, do what I will!

Do you remember that gay summer morning,
Sparkling with sunlight, when last we two met?
Then 'twas, your troth and my constancy scorning,
Coldly you told me the past to forget.
Clear was the sky when you bade me to leave you,
Bright as your eyes and as brilliantly blue;
What had I done, love, to anger or grieve you?
Did I not worship you? Was I not true?
Broken the pledges you vowed to fulfil,
Yet do I think of you, dream of you still;
Ever adoring you, do what I will!

(Music by Isidore de Lara. Published by Chappell and Co.)

WHEN LEAVES ARE GREEN.

WHEN leaves are green, and buttercups gleam
Like flecks of gold the grass among,
I ove to linger by the stream
And weave my fancies into song.
Birds, hovering near me,
Sing carols to cheer me—
Gladsome is all that I hear and see ;
Soft breezes caress me,
Sweet glamours possess me,
Then seems this fair world fairest to me !
When leaves are green, and buttercups gleam
Like flecks of gold the grass among,
I love to linger by the stream
And weave my fancies into song.

When rose-buds break their delicate bonds
And blossom out in radiant pride ;
When ferns display their feathery fronds
And violets fain their heads would hide ;
Then, idly reclining
Where woodbines are twining,

Often I dream of my childhood's days ;
Kind mem'ry befriends me,
And lavishly lends me
Themes for gay rondels and tender lays.
When leaves are green, and buttercups gleam
Like flecks of gold the grass among,
I love to linger by the stream
And weave my fancies into song.

(Music by Marie Antoinette Kingston. Published by Chappell and Co.)

BESIDE THE WEIR.

ONE day we stood beside the Weir,
Hand in hand and heart to heart;
The hour of severance drew near,
We knew too well that we must part.
The river swirling past our feet
Seemed to intone this burden drear;
"Farewell! ye never more shall meet
Beside the Weir!"

How oft I think upon that day!
The sun was bright, the skies were blue,
All, all around was blithe and gay;
The only sad ones, I and you.
For I heaved many a heavy sigh,
And your full eyes shed many a tear
As we two kissed and said good-bye
Beside the Weir.

Oh, love of old! beloved in vain—
Oh, tender memory of the past!
Meseems I see thee once again
As fair as when I saw thee last.
Again the parting pang I know,
Again the river's warning hear
That we two heard so long ago
Beside the Weir.

(Music by Luigi Caracciolo. Published by Chappell and Co.)

WHY HAVE WE WAITED?

DEAREST, when first I saw you
Many a month ago,
Nature was slumbering softly
Cradled in downy snow;
White was her nest, and fleecy,
Many a month ago.
As your eyes turned towards me,
Bright with a blue divine,
Mutely I vowed, but deeply,
Love, that you should be mine.
Why have we waited?
What need we fear?
Age steals on swiftly,
And soon will be here!

Soon were the love-words spoken,
Soon had I pledged to you
Vows that have never been broken,
Promises fond and true,—

Tell me, since then how often
Have they been given anew?
Yet we two are asunder,
Rapidly time has flown;
Can you have changed, I wonder,
Or are you still my own?
Why have we waited?
What need we fear?
Lighted by true love
Our life-path is clear.

(Music by Marie Antoinette Kingston. Published by Chappell and Co.)

THREE QUESTIONS.

SWEETHEART, listen ! Ere I leave you
I would ask you questions three ;
Ne'er an one of them shall grieve you,
Fear not that, but answer me.
Have your fancies dwelt upon me,
Dreams by night and thoughts by day,
Ever since you loved and won me ?
Sweetheart, say !

In my mind your image lingers,
How you held, when first we met,
Dangling from your dainty fingers
Roses twain, with dewdrops wet.
Tell me, dearest, did our meeting
On that ever-blesséd day
Set your pulses wildly beating ?
Sweetheart, say !

One more question. Let me hold you
Close imprisoned. Fondly rest,
While my loving arms enfold you,
That dear head upon my breast.
Speak, now. Are you mine for ever,
Aye—for ever and a day ?
Shall we two be parted never ?
Sweetheart, say !

(Music by Marie Antoinette Kingston. Published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.)

THREE LOVES.

WHEN first I loved—long, long ago—
  My spirit sojourned alone
In a realm of happy dreams. I trow
  'Twas a fanciful world of my own.
And she whom I loved was one of the dreams,
  A vision of beauty and grace;
But I woke, and well-nigh forgot her. Meseems
  I can hardly recall her face.

Again I loved, when older grown,
  With a passion deep and strong;
And she whom I yearned to call my own
  Vowed she had loved me long.
But I saw her enfolded in the arms
  Of one she had loved before;
He was raining down kisses on her charms—
  And I swore I would love no more.

Yet once again I loved. The Past
  Distrust had taught in vain;
By passion stirred, my heart throbbed fast
  My pulse beat high again.
The story of my life is done;
  I have nothing more to say;
My sweet last love and I are one
  For ever and ever and aye.

(Music by Marie Antoinette Kingston.)

THREE WISHES.

I WOULD I were the scarlet flower
That lies upon your breast,
To revel, if but for an hour,
In rapturous unrest;
At ev'ry pulse's beat to start,
To tremble at each sigh—
To hear the beatings of your heart,
And, cradled thus, to die.

I would I were a mirror bright
Vouchsafed the special grace
Of serving you by day and night
Just to reflect your face.
Yea, changed to glass I fain would be;
In me might then be seen,
Whene'er you deigned to look at me,
Your other self, I ween!

I have a third fond wish to tell,
And, could I hope that you
Would ever grant it, I might well
Renounce the other two.
If to such bliss I dared aspire
All else I would resign
To realize my heart's desire—
It is that you were mine!

DOUBT AND HOPE.

If you loved me, it would fill you
With a wild delight, and thrill you
To your dainty finger-tips,
When I kiss your red wet lips.
You would linger for a chance
Of a tender word or glance,
If you loved me!

Can you love me? In the ocean
Of my boundless, deep devotion,
Can you boldly plunge, and dare
To seek sweet oblivion there?
Answer me without delay,
Idol of my worship! Say,
Can you love me?

Do you love me? Will you swear it?
Say not No! I could not bear it!
Let me know the subtle bliss
Of a burning, clinging kiss,
Clasp me tightly, dearest dear,
Whisper faintly in my ear,
That you love me!

(Music by Laurence Kellie. Published by Metzler and Co.)

MINE OR THINE?

LOVE, when I look in thy changeful eyes,
And in them would read my fate,
Striving their mysteries to surprise,
Distrustful, disconsolate,
'Tis then that my thoughts, in their strange unrest,
To question thee thus incline :—
Whose is the heart that throbs in this breast?
Say, is it mine or thine?

Love, when I list to thy changeful voice,
Now cruel, now soft and sweet,
I know not whether to weep or rejoice,
To quit thee, or kneel at thy feet.
'Tis then that, perplexed by hopes and fears
I vainly essay to define
Whose is the love that moves me to tears ;—
Say, is it mine or thine?

Love, when I think of thy changeful mind,
As quick to turn as the vane,
Wild and wayward as winter wind,
Fitful as April rain,
'Tis then that the future seems dark to me ;
'Tis then I seek to divine
Whose is the soul that yearns to be free ;
Say, is it mine or thine?

ONLY!

WHAT was it, love, when first we met,
That gave me courage to draw nigh you,
And caused me straightway to forget
All but yourself, while ling'ring by you?
What stayed my breath and flushed my cheek
And made my pulse beat fast, the while
I gazed on you and strove to speak?
Only a smile!

What was it, later on, that rent
My bosom with a pang regretful,
Recalling words unkindly meant,
Reproachful looks, and gestures fretful?
What was it, dear, that all my doubt,
My anger, jealousy and fear,
In one brief moment blotted out!
Only a tear!

What was it, darling, say, that filled
My heart with boundless exultation,
My ev'ry nerve that strangely thrilled
With sweet and subtle perturbation?
What was the mystery divine,
The sudden, soft and perfect bliss,
That left your lips to 'light on mine?
Only a kiss!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

FILL me a goblet, girl, and let me drink ;
Pause not, but fill! I have no time to think!
Give me the brimming cup and kiss me, sweet ;
Postpone no pleasure until by-and-by—
Who knows how soon our hearts may cease to beat?
To-day we live—to-morrow we may die!

Come, lay thy lips to mine—nay, be not coy—
Why should we wait for any kind of joy?
Kisses like these of ours need no pretext,
The present is our time—not by-and-by.
All of this world I know—naught of the next:—
To-day we live—to-morrow we may die!

Talk not to me of wholesome self-restraint,
Impregnate is my soul with passion's taint ;
I choose to take my pleasure when I can,
Here, and even now—not elsewhere, by-and-by—
To waste no moment of my life's brief span
To-day we live—to-morrow we may die!

A JUBILEE SONG.

(*June* 21, 1887.)

HURRAH for merry England,
The fairest land e'er seen;
Hurrah for brave old England,
Long live great Albion's Queen!
The gladsome year lies far behind her
When first we owned her gentle sway,
Years still to come shall find her
Our pride, our hope, our stay.

Where'er our tongue is spoken,
Where'er our flag's unfurled,
Her sway prevails unbroken,
Revered throughout the world.
For fifty years in joy and sadness
Her hand has steered our Ship of State;
God grant her wealth of gladness,
Our Queen, the Good and Great.

A great and noble nation,
A people bold and free
Proclaims with exultation
Victoria's Jubilee!
Land, blest above all others
With heart and voice glad homage pay;
Hail! best of wives and mothers,
Whom countless realms obey.

IMITATIONS

FROM THE GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ROUMANIAN.

(In these imitations the exact metre and rhythm of the originals have been strictly observed. The songs among them can therefore be sung to their own proper musical settings in the English version, without the alteration of a single note or syllabic accent.)

FROM THE GERMAN.

THREE MOTHERS.

(Die Drei Mütter.)

Schiller.

"So brave a booty, rich a prize,
Ne'er fell into thy hand
As that to-day, in bitter fray,
Won by our valiant band.
My hot red life-blood have I given,
My faithful barb is dead;
My stoutest sword in twain is riven,
My sharpest shafts are sped.

"Oh, were these captives but mine own!
Haste, lead them forward to the throne!
Three Frankish matrons, young and fair,
Each with a son of beauty rare.

"Look on, my prince, and say
Which may most precious be,
These three transcendent women, or
Their comely children three?

'The noblest blood of all our tribe
Hath not been shed in vain;
Full worthily our warriors died
This noble prize to gain.

"Three roses, such as ne'er have bloomed
Within thy harem walls:
Three stalwart youths.—For sacrifice
Our holy altar calls!"

Thus spake unto his princely chief
The desert warrior bold,
And led his captives to the tent
All bright with glist'ning gold.

With tattered robes and unbound hair
They came, in mournful guise;
Yet proudly, sternly stood they there
With steadfast, fearless eyes.

Three matrons with their gallant boys,
Each bearing as a shield
Her pledge of love, with tender care
Saved from the battle-field.

Though faint and sad, I ween they were
Right queenly in their woe,
Within that Afric chieftain's lair,
Their fierce and deadly foe.

He gazed upon them long, as though
'Mazed by their beauty bright,
Bewildered, dazzled, 'reft of speech,
By such a wondrous sight.

Their ripe and undulating forms
His greedy eye runs o'er,
And gloats upon their pallid cheeks
Now paler than before.

He spake : "The Evil One, for sure,
Is gorged with Christian blood ;
Our desert sand, erst hot and dry,
Now reeks with crimson flood.
Freely I grant unto your sons
Their wretched lives again ;
All three shall serve me faithfully
With grateful might and main.
Yet more ; I give full liberty
To her who proves to me,
Of these three Frankish women, which
The mother best may be !"

The first one spake : "I love my boy
Better than aught beside ;
Throughout the deadly fray, I pressed
Him close unto my side.
I left my husband bleeding, pale,
Stretched out upon the field—
My little son I snatched and saved,
This body was his shield."

The second spake : "My life I've given
A hundred bitter times ;
I bought my boy from slavery
With nameless shames and crimes.

Not faithless, though my virtue stained,
Dishonoured, and yet pure—
Can mother more for son, than such
Dread misery to endure?"

The third one, like a lightning flash,
Sprang to the chieftain's throne;
Snatched his keen sabre from its sheath
And waved it o'er her son,
And cried, "Wilt thou to slavery
Condemn my free-born child?
First shall his blood run down, and thine,
Oh chieftain fierce and wild!"

Silence like death reigned o'er the throng,
The warriors stood aghast;
Each eye was bent upon the pair,
Each breath came short and fast.
No terror blanched the boy's stern face,
His eye nor sunk nor quailed;
The mother recked not death one whit,
Nor arm, nor courage failed.

* * * *

But now the chieftain's voice is heard;
"Dismiss them—they are free!
Let them go forth in liberty,
Her gallant son and she!"

"DAS GRAEFLEIN."

(*Goethe.*)

WE sing and we say of a Baron so gay
Who lived in the ivy-clad tower
Where the new married lord, his descendant, to-day
Held revel for many an hour.
This Baron had gallantly fought the good fight
In the Holy Crusade, for Church, Honour and Right.
When he reined up his steed at his door, to alight,
No response did his summons awaken ;
In fact, the old tower was forsaken.

Behold thee, then, Baron, once more in thy home ;—
A desolate home it is, truly!
The casements are open—the night-breezes roam
Through the private apartments quite coolly.
"What is to be done? 'Tis a sharp Autumn night—
"But many a worse have I passed, till the light
"Of the first morning beam has set everything right—
"Let me see—I might sleep in the stable—
"Or stretch myself out on this table."

But as on the table-top shiv'ring he lay,
Beneath it he heard a loud rustling,
As though all the rats of the house were at play
Or quarrelling over a crustling.
See! see! yonder stands a diminutive wight
Fantastic and elfish—his hands hold a light—
With quaint salutation and gesture polite
To the Baron (on slumber who reckons)
How slyly he winks and he beckons!

"We have feasted it here, in these desolate halls,
"Ever since thou didst quit thy grey castle;
"And, so long as we knew thou wert far from its walls
"We revelled with wine and with wassail.
"And, if by Your Honour we be not denied,
"The Dwarves shall rejoice in their primitive pride,
"Paying honour and praise to the beautiful bride."
The Baron replied with much grace "Sir,
"Pray do as you please with the place, sir!"

Now, first came three horsemen, who *perdus* had lain
'Neath the flooring, like mice in their holes;—
Then followed a ringing and loud singing train
Well mounted on weasels and moles.
Then coach after coach, such (with trappings complete)
As in courtyards of palaces royal we meet.
The Baron declared that the sight was a treat!
At last, in a fine gilded carriage,
The Bride and the guests of the marriage.

And now they all hasten, with hurrying strides,
To take for the dancing their places,
With crowdings, and waltzings and capers and slides
Showing off to their sweethearts their paces.
They piped and they fiddled, they sang and they chattered,
They tumbled and giggled, they clamoured and clattered,
They lisped and they whispered, they flirted and flattered ;—
To the Baron the whole thing was seeming
Like a fanciful, feverish dreaming.

With rattle and patter the chamber resounds
Of chair and of bench and of table.
Now dwarf after dwarf to the buttery bounds
To get what refreshment he's able.
They bring in the ham and the sausage so small
The ven'son, the turbot, the poultry and all :—
For the costliest liquors the elves loudly call :—
They drink and they jest, care to banish ;
And then, with a shout, they all vanish !

"DER TOD UND DER SAEUFER."

(*Wieland.*)

YESTERN, brothers—who would think it !—
As I raised my wine to drink it,
Just imagine my affright !
Death called on me yesternight.

Threat'ningly his scythe he shook,
Sternly spoke, with awful look ;
"Hence, thou slave to wine ! enough !
Thou hast drunk thy *quantum suff.*"

"Ah ! friend Death," I stammered, sobbing,
"Wilt thou me of life be robbing ?
See ! there's wine at thy behest ;
Gracious Death, ah ! let me rest ! "

Straight he seized the brimming cup,
Grimly smiled, and drank it up,
Yea, unto the utmost drain—
Grinning, set it down again.

"Sure," thought I, "I am respited,"
But my hopes he quickly blighted.
"Fool ! dost think a draught of wine
Can save thee from becoming mine ? "

"Death!" I gasped, "my chief ambition
Is to be a great physician.
Let me live! All patients mine
To thy clutches I'll consign."

"Well, if that's your game, my hearty,
From your patients I'll not part ye.
Till of wine and kisses weary
Live!—till then I won't come near ye!

Oh! how sweet his sentence sounded—
With new life my bosom bounded.
Brave old Death! one bumper more—
Friends are we for evermore.

Thus my life shall finish never!
Bacchus! I shall live for ever!
Ever live for Love and Wine,
Love and Wine be ever mine.

"IM KUEHLEN KELLER."

(*Scheffel.*)

WITHIN the wine-cave's coolest vault
I sit, my cup o'erflowing,
And bravely each big cask assault
With choicest nectar glowing,
Obedient to my nod and smile
The cell'rer's keys are clinking,
He draws the wine—and I, the while,
Keep drinking, drinking, drinking!

A plaguy Dæmon haunts me—Thirst—
To conquer which strange fellow
I fill my cup with Rhenish first,
Then drink till I am mellow.
The whole wide world's a jest to me,
And every taper's winking;
I could not, would not hurt a flea
Whilst drinking, drinking, drinking!

And yet my thirst is fiercer grown
With ev'ry draught I've swallowed,
For joys like these must I atone—
Each joy by grief is followed!
But this I'll say, when I at last
From Life to Death am sinking,—
"My duty's done—my time I've passed
In drinking, drinking, drinking!"

"ENDLOSER SELBSTMORD."

(*Schmidt-Cabanis.*)

"DRINK no more!" the maidens bade me; "poison lurks in teeming glasses!"
"Kiss no more!" exclaimed the topers; "deadly are the lips of lasses!"

When I heard this double warning I was struck with consternation,
And forswore the gen'rous grape-juice in my spirit's perturbation.

Yea! forswore the joys transcendent, the unutterable blisses
To be culled from rosy mouths, all sweetly prodigal of kisses.

But, depressed by such abstaining, I grew weary of existence
And bethought me how to end it; Death were better than persistence.

I resolved by desp'rate measures to shake off my carnal fetter;
To indulge in *both* the poisons. Could I possibly do better?

So I kissed and drank, and kissed again without stint
and in profusion,
Watching vainly for some symptom of approaching dis-
solution.

As for wine, and as for kisses, I have found out all about
them ;
They are potent counter-poisons—and I cannot live
without them !

So to death I now devote myself, mix these deadly poisons
daily,
And from ruddy lips and liquor seek my last quietus
gaily !

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

(*Anonymous.*)

THIS world is like of beer a flask—
We human beings are the beer ;
To prove this likeness is my task
And for that purpose stand I here.

The froth betokens lordly folk,
For beer, the worthy townsmen stand,
And, scarce with strength to bear his yoke,
The dregs, the tiller of the land.

When that the cork is first pulled out
The foaming froth comes bubbling forth ;
Next, we discern the liquor stout—
The rest, a thought is scarce deemed worth.

Yet strength lies only in the beer,
Of air is but the foaming crown—
How high so e'er its head it rear
Even so low it falleth down.

The dregs are by no man esteemed
(We know how blind ungrateful eyes !)
Yet, brought to light, they must be deemed
The source from which the foam doth rise.

Now hear the end of this my lay—
Death sudden visits each man's home,
No notice gives—no word doth say,
But empties out both dregs and foam.

"ES IST BESTIMMT IN GOTTES RATH."

(*Ernst von Feuchtersleben.*)

IT is decreed by Heaven above
That we from those we fondly love
Must sever ;
And naught is there the heart that rends
So sore, as parting with dear friends
For ever.

When thou hast culled a rosebud rare,
And placed it in a vase with care,
Remember,
To-morrow, bright the flow'ret blows—
One night shall yet the lovely rose
Dismember.

And holdst thou fast within thine arms
A loved-one, graced with youthful charms
And all thine own !
But little time shall pass, ere she
Will leave thee—in thy misery
Quite, quite alone.

Yet, understand me well, men say
When, parting, each goes on his way,
"We meet again another day,"
"Another Day!"

"KEINE ROSE, KEINE NELKE."

(*Chamisso.*)

No rose, no carnation can blossom so sweet
As two loving young hearts, when together they meet.

No flame is so ardent, no furnace so hot,
As that deep hidden love which the world seeth not.

Let a mirror be fixed in the depths of my heart,
There shalt thou behold how belovèd thou art.

THE SAILOR.

(DER SCHIFFER.)

Uhland.

THE sailor, homeward bound,
While evening bells are ringing,
Is conscious of their sound
But knows not what they're singing.

On shore the maiden dwells
To whom his troth was plighted ;
The chime a story tells
Of Death, and fair hope blighted.

May not their meaning be
That newer love has won her ?
Or else, that Death's decree
Has been pronounced upon her ?

Whoe'er the bridegroom be
To whom her life is given,
The sailor knows that she
From *him* for aye is riven.

His brow is bent and dark,
He feels his heart-strings sever ;
Then seaward steers his bark,
And leaves his love for ever !

FROM THE FRENCH.

A BENEVOLENT DEITY.

(Le Bon Dieu.)

Béranger.

God from a snooze awoke one day
And yawned in his good-humoured way;
Then out of window popped his head—
"Perhaps," said he, "their planet's dead!"
But, peering farther into space,
He 'spied it, in its proper place.
"Pygmies! why thus uneasy do you make me?
If I can see your drift, the devil take me!
I hope that the devil will take me!

"White or black, frozen or fried,
Mortals, my precepts who deride,"
(God said, with a paternal wink,)
"That I'm your ruler people think;
Maybe I am—but 'tis too true
That I've a Minister or two!
Listen to what I say, and don't mistake me—
If I don't kick them out, the devil take me!
I hope that the devil may take me!

"To keep you quiet, was't in vain
I gave you lasses and champagne ?
Whom, I would ask, d'ye take me for
When you invoke the God of War,
And vow that 'tis to my renown
You shoot and cut each other down ?
I never let revengeful passion shake me
If e'er I fired a gun, the devil take me !
I hope that the devil will take me !

"What of those dwarfs, so gaily drest,
On gilded thrones who proudly rest
With 'nointed brow and haughty mien ?
Those ant-hill monarchs who, I ween,
Boast of my patronage, and swear
That by my grace their crowns they wear !
What ? By *my* will ? How dull the fools would make me ;
But, if I am, I hope the deuce will take me !
I hope that the devil will take me !

"Those sable pygmies, on their knees,
Whose nasty incense makes me sneeze,
Pretend that fasting wipes out blame,
And scatter curses in my name !
Their sermons deuced fine may be,—
I know they are all Greek to me !
Open my gates to *them !* No one can make me.
If they get into Heav'n, the devil take me !
I hope that the devil will take me !

"Children, don't quarrel with your dad,
I love you all, both good and bad.
Drink, love, and laugh till you are sore,
I never mean to drown you more.
On humbugs keep a good look-out;—
I'm off—for there are spies about!
If I condone *their* sins, may Heav'n forsake me!
Pardon the slip—I meant, the devil take me!
I hope that the devil will take me!"

FROM THE ROUMANIAN.

PENESH THE TURKEY COCK.

(PENES CURCANUL.)

AN EPISODE OF THE 1877 WAR.

Alecsandri.

NINE of us marched from Vaslui—
Counting the sergeant, ten;
God knows, not one man's heart
Felt cold within him then!
Light as the soaring hawk, whose cries
The mountain echoes rouse,
We strode along with wingéd heels,
And plumes upon our brows.

Sturdy militia-men were we,
Roumanians void of fear;
Each man with sandals, cloak, and belt,
And cap cocked on his ear.
"Turkeys" our nickname—long ago
Given by a jesting clown;
That name our Balkan deeds have made
A title of renown.

Our sunny fields, our homes and ploughs
We left, a joyous band,
To free from Turkish yoke our poor
Belovéd native land.
That, Sergeant Matraguna said,
Our duty 'twas to do ;
And so, with trust in God, we marched,
Resolved to do it, too !

And those who met us on the road,
Singing with all our might,
Stood still, with admiration filled
At such a gallant sight.
And when they asked us whether we
To a wedding-feast were bound,
We answered, with a scornful laugh,
"We seek the battle-ground !"

"Good luck go with ye, dearest lads !
We know you'll do your duty,"
Shouted the old men, wives and priests,
And many a village beauty.
Then loud our beardless sergeant cried,
"Be not with fear opprest !
A Rouman lad has seven lives
Of brass within his breast."

Who would have thought, as on we marched
Rejoicing through the land,
That Fate to perish had foredoomed
Our gallant little band !

Behold, of nine that erst we were—
Counting the sergeant, ten—
I, only I, remain to mourn
The death of those brave men!

'Tis cruel when, among the oaks,
The keen, relentless axe
The giants of the leafy glade
Lays low upon their backs.
But black the star whose lurid rays
On Death's sharp hatchet shine,
As thro' our lives he hews his way
And stretches us supine.

Ah, bring me, friends, a brimming cup
Of water from the spring,
That I may quench my burning thirst,
Allay my sorrow's sting!
Mine eyes are filled with blinding sparks,
My grief is deep and dour,
When of my comrades dear I think,
All cut down in their flower!

The shepherd Cobuz on his flute
At Kalafat was playing,
And we the Hora gaily danced
While shells were round us straying.
A jagged splinter rushing came
And screaming on its way—
Poor Cobuz' skull it battered in,
And spoilt our dance that day.

Just three days after that, we crossed
The Danube at its worst,
And pitched our tents upon the plains
Round Plevna the accurst.
In front of us loomed Grivicza,
And gave us dreadful pause,
That grisly monster, crouching there
With hidden teeth and claws.

But we crouched also, like the snake
When watching for his prey,
And racked our brains to think how we
Might seize that giant grey.
From dawn to dawn, the Turks and we,
We rent the sky with lead
Like barley-grains, in handfuls thrown
To pigeons when they're fed.

The earth shook with the cannons' roar,
The shells flew thick and fast,
Dismally moaning through the air
As moans the tempest blast.
The Turk lay hidden in his lair,
Like bear within his den—
And, while we fired at earthen walls,
He shot at living men.

Poor Tsintses was a gunner smart,
And ev'ry shot he sped,
The Turkish ant-hill smote with might,
And struck some Pagan dead ;—

But, just at daybreak, from the fort
A bullet came—but one!
Our gallant Tsintses prostrate fell,
And, dying, clasped his gun.

One night, before the trenches, Bran
And Vlad were mounting guard;
The ebon canopy of heav'n
With glowing shells was starred:—
At dawn we found them, dead and stark,
All slashed by yataghan;
And, close beside, a gory heap
Of stiffened Musulman.

Brave lads! full gallantly they strove
Against a Paynim band;—
A weapon, tightly gripped, was found
In each dead hero's hand.
Alas! to half our little host
Relentless Death had beckoned;—
Five, only five, of us remained—
Or six, the sergeant reckoned.

Then came the day of the assault,
That day of slaughter dire,
When face to face with Death we stood,
Braving the Moslem fire.
Our sergeant then, that dragon's son,
To us did loudly cry,
"You five and I, my boys, will do
Our duty ere we die!"

Crossing ourselves, "Please God, we will!"
We answered with a shout,
And then we made a sudden rush
Straight at the grim redoubt.
Great God! how fiercely they attacked,
My gallant comrades all!
How swiftly stormed the bristling breach,
And climbed the bastion wall!

We're up at last! Another spring—
Forward! Hurrah!—'Tis won!
But many a voice is silenced there,
For Death his work has done.
A hellish fire encounters us
From out the bastion's face;—
A host is stricken down—forthwith
Another takes its place.

Swart Burcel in the trenches died
Among the pagan rout.
"Long live Moldavia!" Shoimu cried,
And fell in the redoubt.
Two brothers Calin, herdsmen both,
Lay writhing in their gore;
Without a groan, in silence stern,
Each man his anguish bore.

And then our valiant Captain,
With a red slash 'cross his brow,
Shouted "Each Turkey cock must bear
Him like a falcon now!"

Grasping the standard in his hand,
He clomb the ladder steep,
I and the sergeant after him
As close as we could keep.

Through fire, sabres, bullets, smoke,
And thrusts of bayonet,
We upward fought, until at last
We reached the parapet.
"Allah-il-Allah!" at us dashed
The Turks, with horrid shout;—
Roumania's flag we planted high
Upon the grim redoubt.

Hurrah! how nobly on the breeze
Spread out our standard gay!
But we bestrewed the earth, mown down
In that surpassing fray.
Our dying sergeant fiercely gibed
The Turk, with his last breath;
And, gazing at our floating flag,
Our captain met his death.

And, as they bore me off the field,
Aloud I feebly cried,
"On this, our day of victory,
Would God that I had died!"
And then, when next I oped my eyes
After my wounds were drest,
I found the Cross of Honour laid
Upon my bleeding breast.

Ah! give me back my shattered hand,
  Lord of all Power and Might,
And heal my breast-wound, that I may
  Return unto the fight!
This world of ours, I ween, affords
  No nobler destiny
Than this—to lead a warrior's life,
  And like a hero die!

THE LEGEND QUEEN.

(*Mano Eminescu.*)

FLEECY vapours, silvern shining,
From the moon are lightly falling;
Luna drew them from the waters
And returns them to the meadows.

Spider-webs to rend asunder
All the flowers have conspiréd;
On the draperies of midnight
Dewdrops hang, like liquid jewels.

By the lake (o'er which the vapours
Wreathe, in their fantastic shadows
Shimm'ring back the ripple's sparkle
Transient gleams of undulation)

Rustling reeds with light hand parting
Stands a maiden, forward bending;
Softly scatters ruddiest roses
O'er the bright enchanted waters.

Gazes she, and hopes some picture
May flash out from 'mongst the ripples;
(For, in olden times, dark Hertha
Cast her spell upon these waters).

Fain would she with tender rosebuds
  Conjure phantoms to the surface,
For she knows full well that Freya
  Once lent charms to all the roses.

Gazes she, the golden-haired one,
  And her face shines in the moonlight.
In the myst'ry of her blue eyes
  Lurk the germs of all the legends!

RODICA.

(*Alecsandri.*)

SEE how Rodica upon her plump, dazzling,
Lily-white shoulder her water-jar carries,
Trips through the field down the line of young reapers,
From her lips dangling a gay scarlet flower!

As she approaches, the youths rush to meet her,
Shouting "Rodica! thou lily of girls,
All thy desires to thee shall be granted—
Bring'st us cool solace of harvest's hot thirst!

"Soon thy betrothal with gladness shall fill thee;
Joyous thy life-path, with blossoms bestrewn—
Happy thy household—well-laden thy table,
And thy soft bosom a cradle for babes."

Then, having greedily emptied her pitcher,
Pelt her with wheat-grains the mischievous lads;
Laughing and shaking the corn from her tresses
Pretty Rodica trips lightly away.

THE VAMPYRE.

(STRIGOIUL.)

Alecsandri.

NEAR the cliff's sharp edge, on high
Standing out against the sky,
Dost thou see a ruined cross,
Weather-stained, o'ergrown by moss,
Gloomy, desolate, forsaken,
By unnumbered tempests shaken?

Not a blade of grass grows nigh it,
Not a peasant lingers by it.
E'en the sombre bird of night
Shuns it in her darksome flight,
Startled by the piteous groan
Oft rising from the stone.

All around, on starless nights,
Myriad hosts of livid lights
Flicker fretfully, revealing
At its foot a phantom kneeling,
While it jabbers dismal plaints,
Cursing God and all the saints.

Tardy traveller, beware
Of that spectre gibbering there;
Close your eyes, and urge your steed
To the utmost of his speed—
For beneath that cross, I ween,
Lies a vampyre's corpse obscene!

* * * * *

Though the night is black and cold,
Love's fond story, often told,
Floats in whispers through the air,
Stalwart youth and maiden fair
Seal sweet vows of ardent passion
With their lips, in lovers' fashion.

Restless, pale, a shape I see
Hov'ring nigh; what may it be?
'Tis a charger, white as snow,
Pacing slowly to and fro
Like a sentry. As he turns,
Haughtily the sward he spurns.

"Leave me not, beloved, to-night!
Stay with me till morning's light!"
Weeping, thus besought the maid;
"Love, my soul is sore afraid!
Brave not the dread vampyre's power,
Mightiest at this mystic hour!"

Not a word he spake, but prest
The sobbing maiden to his breast;

Kissed her lips and cheeks and eyes,
Heedless of her tears and sighs;
Waved his hand with gesture gay,
Mounted—smiled—and rode away.

* * * * * *

Who rides across the dusky plain,
Tearing along with might and main
Like some wild storm-fiend, in his flight
Nursed on the ebony breast of night?
'Tis he who left her in her need—
Her lover, on his milk-white steed.

The blast, in all its savage force
Strives to o'erthrow the gallant horse
That snorts defiance to its foe
And struggles onward. See! below
The causeway, 'long the river side,
A thousand flutt'ring flamelets glide!

Now they approach, and now recede,
Still followed by the panting steed;
He nears the ruined cross! A crash,
A piteous cry, a heavy splash,
And in the rocky river bed
Rider and horse lie crushed and dead.

Then from those dismal depths arise
Blaspheming yells and strident cries,
Re-echoing through the murky air.
And, like a serpent from its lair,
Brandishing high a blood-stained glaive,
The Vampyre rises from his grave!

A THUNDER-CLAP.

(TUNETUL.)

Alecsandri.

O'ER the plain whose breast is verdant with the quiv'ring
corn-blades' sheen
Comes a shadow slowly creeping, slightly darkening
the green,
Spreading, as an eager streamlet that was erst by frost
congealed,
Now at last its banks o'erflowing, fills and floods th'
adjacent field.

'Tis the shadow of some cloudlets, white and fleecy,
fraught with rain,
That come creeping 'neath the sunshine, building up a
mountain chain;
With a faint mysterious murmur, like an all but stifled
sigh,
They steal onward, darkly, dimly, till a flash lights up
the sky!

Hark! the heavens thunder solemnly! Dost hear the
joyful cries,
That, responding to the signal, from the awakened earth
arise?

Now she knows herself emancipate from winter's stern control,
Youthful vigour swells her bosom; buoyant gladness fills her soul.

As she bids a joyous welcome to the tidings from the West,
See! a flight of stately eagles, high above the mountain's crest,
Onward swoops, while list'ning eagerly unto the mighty strain,
That proclaims among the clouds aloft, "Sweet Spring is come again!"

THE WIND.

(VENTUL.)

Alecsandri.

A MERCILESS young rascal is the Wind. His chief delight
Is to worry ships at sea with savage storms by day and night,
Like a dog-wolf harrying sheep, he chases clouds and scatters showers,
Lays the stately oak-trees low, and snaps the stems of fragile flowers.

A brand he whirls aloft and drops among the farmer's gear,
Chuckling to see the flames consume the produce of a year;
Then swoops down on a group of girls—deranges all their dresses,
Tears away their silken 'kerchiefs, and their snowy necks caresses.

In all four quarters of the globe he blusters and he raves,
Upsetting, pagan-like, the crosses set o'er Christian graves;—

Pursued by curses of the dead, through brake and bush
he tries
To dash, all reckless of the thorns that tear him as he
flies.

His home is in the forest. There arrived, his mother
dear
Bathes his hurts in milk, and chides him, shedding
many a bitter tear,
"Weep no more, my mammy sweet," he cries, "I know
that I have sinned—
But when I kiss their pretty eyes, the girls all love the
wind!"

THE END OF AUTUMN.

(SFÎRSIT DE TOÂMNÁ.)

Alecsandri.

SEE, the storks and eke the swallows, of our roofs and eaves the guests,
Fearful of the days that threaten, now have vanished from their nests ;
And the cranes, with flapping pinions, ranked in orderly array,
Despite our vain regrets are southwards flying fast away.

Now the fields are brown and barren that were erst so gaily green,
And the forest, wreath'd in vapour, bear a rusty look, I ween,
While along the woodland bye-paths tawny wind-tossed leaflets roll
Like the mournful cast-off fancies of a sorrow-stricken soul.

Looming up from ev'ry quarter, black ice-laden clouds arise,
Like the dragons of the legend tearing through the gloomy skies.

Hidden in the kindly sun-light; and, with wheeling
flight on high,
Sails a flock of carrion-corbies, hoarsely croaking as
they fly.

Short the days; grim Winter nears us, riding on the
Northern blast;
In the chimney howls the storm-cry, while the children
sit aghast;
Oxen bellow, horses whinny; dogs of barking never tire,
And the weary peasants, shiv'ring, huddle closely round
the fire.

THE SLEDGE.

(SANIA.)

Alecsandri.

THE snow is sparkling in the sun—come, dearest, drive with me,
The horses stamp impatiently, and champ their bits with glee;
My sledge is small—a winter nest—too narrow, perhaps for two,
You smile, my love? That means 'tis large enough for me and you.

My geldings shake their bells, that gaily jingle through the air:
White grooves our trackers leave behind as o'er the snow they tear.
The driver shouts—our fiery steeds, obedient to his cry,
Through clouds of glitt'ring ice-dust like two angry dragons fly.

On the plains, o'er which kind Nature's hand a fleecy sheet has flung,
Tree islands stand out darkly. Hark! the hounds are giving tongue!

Through winter's mantle crocuses their spikes are thrusting now,
And in the woods the squirrel leaps and peeps from bough to bough.

'Tis nightfall. How the watch-dogs bark! The moon begins to rise;
White branches meet above our heads; the stars look twice their size.
Frost-jewels decked the fragile spray you snatched and snapped in twain:—
But the glow upon your cheek has turned the gems to sparkling rain!

FAREWELL, MOLDAVIA!

(ADIO MOLDOVEI.)

Alecsandri.

OH! Moldavia, land of beauty,
Yea, of lovely lands the chief,
To forsake thee forced by duty
Deep and bitter is my grief.
Oft in visions I behold thee
Longingly, when far away;
In my arms could I enfold thee
Life were one long sweet May-day

Fairest land, I now must leave thee,
Banished from beneath thy sky,
Say, my country, does it grieve thee
That I sadly weep and sigh?
Mournful is our separation,
In despair from thee I go;
All my sweet hallucination
Now is shattered at a blow.

Who can say when I, returning
Worn with exile, weak with toil,
Once again shall press my burning
Lips upon thy sacred soil?

Once more shall be fondly gazing
On the hills I've climbed so oft,
On thy mountains, proudly raising
Their eternal crests aloft?

On thy forests dark and lonely
Where the cool, swift-flowing streams
Murmur lays and legends—only
Echoes of a poet's dreams;
And upon thy skies congenial,
Smiling on me from above,
And upon the faces genial
Of the dear ones whom I love.

'Tis the bitter parting hour
Fixed by Destiny unkind;
Grief goes with me, deep and dour,
Gladness I must leave behind.
Ah! forget me not, I prithee,
Country mine, when I depart;
Now farewell! All joy be with thee!
Thine for ever is my heart!

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Beatty-Kingston, William
My "Hansom" lays, original verses, imitations, and present paraphrases

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